



IN TOUCH

THE MAGAZINE FOR A DIFFERENT POINT OF VIEW

Issue no. 35

FOR MEN

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JOHN TRAVOLTA

"Be still, my beating heart"

HOUSTON

Thinking big

HENRY WINKLER

What Fonz?

PULSE: ANDY GIBB

Talent, and an unbuttoned shirt

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IN TOUCH FOR MEN

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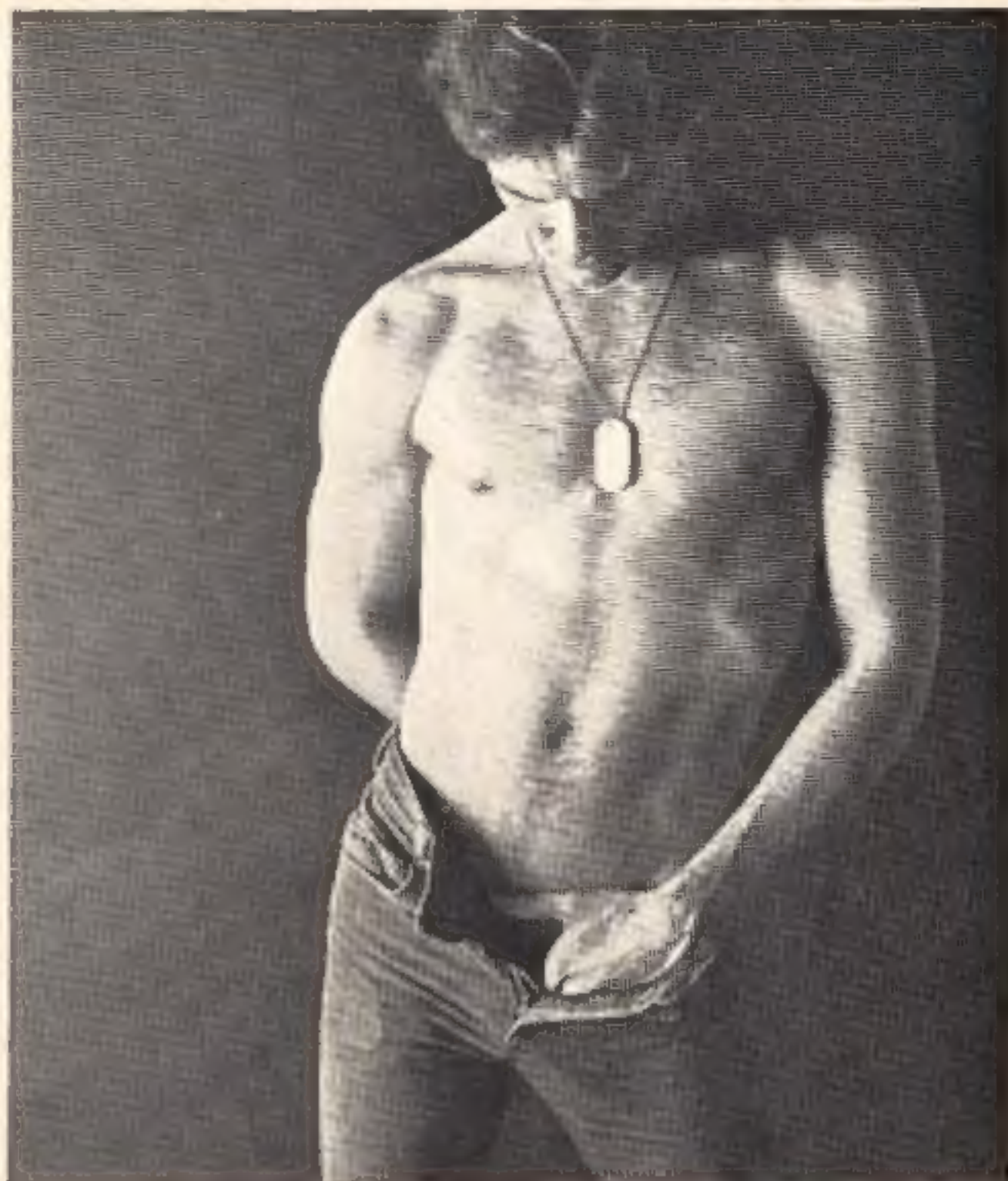


Photo by Ken Towles

Sometimes, publications get so wrapped up in the business of *business* that they don't take the time to thank those people responsible for whatever success they may have achieved. Just in case we might have been unintentionally guilty of this oversight ourselves, we'd like to take this opportunity to say "thanks."

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To the end of giving you more of what you've asked for, you'll note that this issue contains another 8 pages of color—we're up to 44 percent color now, and couldn't have done it without you.

So sit back and put the hassles, hangups, and problems of the day behind you. Our job is to help you forget them, at least for a while. Enjoy . . . and thanks for reading.

editorial

MOVIES

MUSIC

NIGHTLIFE

BOOKS

IN TOUCH WITH ...

MOVIES

Elizabeth Taylor doesn't really have a voice. But she brings so much of whatever it is she does have to Stephen Sondheim's *A Little Night Music* that you don't really notice. Or even care.

And when she sings, "Love is a lesson in how to correct your mistakes," you know she is a woman speaking (or in this case singing) from a solid base in actual experience.

Besides which, she is perfectly delicious to watch. When she is on the screen it is next to impossible to pay attention to anything else. No small feat when you consider the scenery she's upstaging includes some of Vienna's most rococo estates and most picturesque landmarks, among them the quaint-as-hell Theater An Der Wien and the Wiener Wald.

Actually, that's not too surprising. A landmark would have to get up pretty early in the morning to out-schlag Elizabeth.

The other ladies in this elegant musical masque (based on Ingmar Bergman's *Smiles of a Summer Night*) are equally monumental, however, so Liz has to fight for every campy inch.

Hermione Gingold, naturally, provides the most serious competition. As the worldly Madame Armfeldt, she perfectly conveys the sense that she has been everywhere, and said everything and slept with everybody worth sleeping with and in an odd, unguarded, moment gave birth to Desiree, the sometime-actress, all-the-time lover played so consummately by Ms. Taylor.

Diana Rigg and Lesley-Ann Down are also superb. The men are good, too, but there never seems to be very much for men to do in musicals. Laurence Guittard, as the beastly vain Carl-Magnus Mittleheim, gets to strut around like a peacock and he does it beautifully. Len Cariou, as the victim of Lesley-Ann Down's professional virginity, is constantly managing to suggest the possibility of working it up into heat.

Christopher Guard makes his film debut in *A Little Night Music*. He is possessed of the sultry sort of looks that tends to make questions of acting talent irrelevant. And he has profile enough to take him quite far indeed.

Harold Prince's direction is stylish and witty and theatrically efficient. Some people claim the musical lost something in the translation from the stage to the screen. Some people are wrong.



The Elliott Kastner production has the same sophisticated nostalgia and intelligent weariness that we are accustomed to in Sondheim's work. He writes musicals as though he knew what became of Sally. And as though there really weren't anything else to do but sing.

Also, *A Little Night Music* is quite simply the most beautiful musical—and possibly the most beautiful movie, period—to come along in years.

The film has an MPAA rating of PG as, indeed, any film starring Elizabeth Taylor should have.

Avoid Robert Aldrich's *The Choirboys* if you possibly can. If for no other reason than that it contains one of the most offensive gay stereotypes to be filmed within recent memory.

A policeman (Tim McIntire) is handcuffed to a tree by his skylarking buddies. He is partially naked (lower half). And who should come tripping merrily along? You guessed it. Your friendly, neighborhood fairy, complete with mince, prance, lisp and pink (yes, I'm afraid I said pink) poodle on a leash. Where is the Gay Media Task Force now that we really need them?

The main objection, of course, is that if you must have a half-naked policeman handcuffed to a tree, what's wrong with using Perry King?

When the film isn't being mindlessly homophobic, it presents the police as pill-popping, boozing, perverted, bigoted retards who aren't even good at their jobs.

Now let's get something straight. This is the *LAPD* we're talking about. All the roman a clefing in the world can't obscure that fact. Oh, they try. Every now and again a half-hearted reference is made to the "Metropolitan Police." But they

don't mean it. The palm trees, Robinson's department store and the Hollywood Police division give the game away.

So what could ordinarily be dismissed as a screwball variation on *Car 54, Where Are You?* has to be taken, for good or ill, as social commentary.

It is, moreover, social commentary of a particularly muddled sort. I take it back. There is one scene worth the price of admission. Perry King in bondage. Yes. But he commits suicide when one of his police buddies inadvertently discovers his vice. The wages of sin are death, they used to say, and Aldrich (and Richard Brooks, who gave us *Looking for Mr. Goodbar*) don't want us to forget it.

The Choirboys is rated R (under 17 requires a parent or guardian). Only an R?

— Barnaby Shackleford

IN TOUCH WITH...

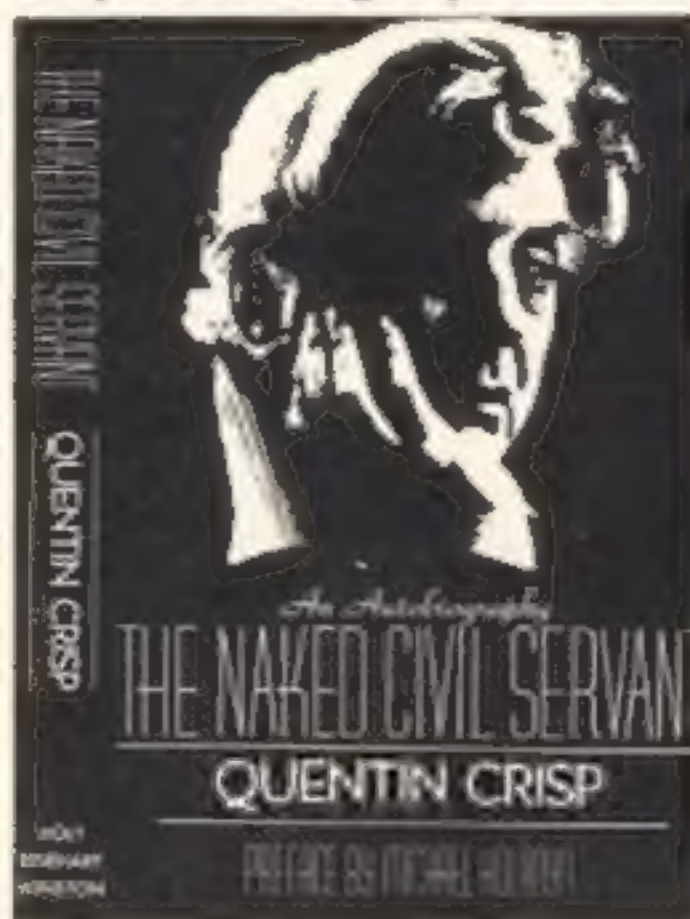
BOOKS

Among the Carnivores by Daniel Curzon (Ashley Books, 223 Main St., Port Washington, NY 11050, 336 pgs.), is his third and best novel, an engrossing fiction on the plight of an out-front gay faculty member at a smalltown college. Curzon juggles an exciting cast of characters (they take too long becoming more than one-dimensional caricatures) who seem to have stepped bodily out of his own experience at Fresno State. Readers will agonize with attractively-drawn Jock Jones, but may fear that, like the "exquisite injustice collectors" psychoanalyst Edmund Bergler claimed all gays were, Jock is overzealous to construct his bed of nails. Too late he wishes he'd exercised more finesse, shown more sympathy for campus homosexuals who weren't yet ready to let it all hang out....

Good follow-up to his abrasively dynamic first novel, *Something You Do in the Dark*, available now in paperback from Lancer Books at \$2.75.

The Naked Civil Servant, by Quentin Crisp (Holt, Rinehart & Winston, \$7.95, 212 pgs.), is the delightful, never self-pitying saga of one British gay whom the closet could never hold. If you saw the superb TV show, you'll want to read the book (published nine years ago in England) and see where all those wry one-liners came from. If you

missed the humor, pathos and dignity of "one of England's stately homos" on the tube, I recommend this welcome antithesis to the Kopay and Howard Brown stories, a wonderfully wise account by a gay who wasn't afraid to make the stereotype glorious and who for decades paid the price of being a proud street



queen in taunts, beatings, busts and rejection by other gays. One of the peaks of modern gay literature....

Dallas Nude, A Photographic Essay by Charles Collum (Collum Studios, 101 Howell St., Dallas, TX 75207, \$28.50, 96 oversize pgs.). Breathtaking views of several Dallas citizens, young and old, male and female, identified by professions and social status, posed dynamically in the buff with limpid, often comically grotesque attitudes. High fashion camp owing much to Collum's apprenticeship with Scavullo and Gomni.



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Photographs of the *Classic Male Nude* by Baron Wilhelm Von Gloeden, (Camera Graphics Press, Box 1702, New York, NY 10022, \$19.95, 105 pgs., hardbound). I reviewed Soho Publishing's larger collection in Issue #33 so will only add that this book is better-bound and contains fewer photos, but with much superior reproduction. The commentary here, unlike Leslie's informative background essay in the Soho book, is brief and pretentious art-criticism blather. Several prints here appear in the Baron's choice of tints, and only two or three are duplicated. Connoisseurs will want both books.

In Such Dark Places by Joseph Caldwell, (Farrar, Straus & Giroux, \$8.95, 230 pgs.) is a compelling mystery novel set off by an ethnic neighborhood religious festival. This lively account of a midwest gay photographer's frantic hunt thru New York's Spanish ghetto for the stolen camera he hopes will reveal a killer's identity comes to a less than-convincing end, but has a bizarre and exciting time along the way. Caldwell juggles a terrific cast of characters, but the best of them fall disappointingly short of full development.

Last issue, I backhanded Saunders' paste-up book, *Gay Source*. Its larger companion volume, *Our Right To Love*, edited by Ginny Vida (Prentice-Hall, \$12.95, 319 pgs.) is an original, creative and provocative exploration of the range of Lesbian experience. I was sorry it didn't touch on the interactions between gay women and men, but that would be an indelicate criticism to raise here....

Reprinted in paperback is Joseph Hansen's fine 1968 murder-suspense, *Known Homosexual*, now enlarged and revised as *Stranger to Himself*, (Major Books, 21335 Roscoe Blvd., Canoga Park, CA 91304, \$1.75, 208 pgs.). Superior tale of a black gay who tries both sides of the fence and gets in heavy trouble....

We should have covered Thomas Atkins' *Sexuality in the Movies* (Indiana U. Press, \$12.50, 244 pgs.) quite some time ago. This is a well-illustrated series of essays which are incisive, informative, thorough. Gene Phillips' review of homosexuality in the movies runs from 1945's *The Lost Weekend* to 1971's classic *Sunday, Bloody Sunday*. Don't skip the other chapters, especially the one on movie monsters.

— Jim Kepner

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IN TOUCH WITH...

MUSIC

"Hey, He lives within me, too!" is the joyous shout of Carl Bean, 33, onetime gospel singer with the Alex Bradford Troupe. Bean is a performer moving into the solo spotlight, black, a Christian and a homosexual, and he is proud of the whole package. And he is testifying to it all on "I Was Born This Way," a breakthrough disco-directed single from Motown.

The lyric is from the pen of his manager Bunny Jones, but the sentiments are all his, and Motown is banking that the time and the tune are met at a moment for broad general acceptance in the marketplace.

"I'm happy, I'm carefree, and I'm gay... 't ain't a false, 'tis a fact, I was born this way."

Like many another, Bean, out of love for his family and friends, tried over the years to explore a more "acceptable" lifestyle, exploring his homosexuality in the course of molding his own self-acceptance. The inevitable message and the only one with integrity: To thine own self be true.

At a time when any number of zealots flying the Christian banner are espousing bigotry and divisiveness, Carl Bean, the man and his song, embody the true Christian spirit of universal love and celebration.

The Motown library, historically and musically ripe, provides two re-issue packagings that are sure to please. Both are from former lead singers with The Temptations. David Ruffin At His Best reprises such Detroit classics as "Walk Away From Love," "My Girl," "I Wish It Would Rain" and "I'm Losing You."

Eddie Kendricks At His Best (Tamla) includes such danceable hits as "Keep On Truckin'" and "Boogie Down," as well as the sweeter and fondly remembered "He's A Friend," "Intimate Friends" and "It's So Hard For Me To Say Good-Bye." Motown has also released the cast album of Broadway's black revival of *Guys and Dolls*, starring Robert Guillaume and featuring the special encore of "Sit Down, You're Rockin' The

Boat" by Ken Page that stopped the show nightly. Five young men from Chicago's West Side debut as The 21st Creation on Break Thru (Gordy) with enough promise to merit a chance at the spot vacated by the original Temptations in the Motown family.

Al Green, "the Minister of Love," is back, after a period of excesses which eased into a slump. In *The Belle Album* (HI) he is at his very best and it is better than ever. With this album, a newly disciplined Green assumed the responsibility for coordinating the production, which features thematically integrated songs by Green himself. While it is his purest gospel album, in content and style, it isn't preachy and need not even be perceived as a "Born Again" message to be embraced. It is an ecstatic celebration of the senses and the soul, nowhere better defined than in the delirious joy of "All 'n' All."

"It's you that I want/But Him that I need," sings Green to his album's "Belle" and thereafter shares the elation in a series of songs that equal and surpass the best of Al Green.

Curton Records has a potential challenger to Green in *Mystique* featuring Ralph Johnson. The album was produced by Curtis Mayfield and is a good showcase though it misses in its own right.

If there is a sound of RSO Records — and there is — Player's *Player* album has got it, as has already been proven by the hit single from the album "Baby Come Back." Puzzle: how come Player is identified as a quintet on the back cover and illustrated by a cover photo of a quartet? Answer: the fifth Player wasn't confirmed until this album was completed.

Also on RSO is *Flowing Rivers* by Andy Gibb, the youngest of the family that produced the Bee Gees. Bee Gee Barry Gibb was executive producer and penned the initial hit single, "I Just Want To Be Your Everything." Next best, "(Love Is) Thicker Than Water," cowritten by Barry and Andy. Gibb's sound is very close to the gentle original sound of the Bee Gees before they switch to disco beat overproduction. All of the remaining eight tracks are by Andy. Frampton and Shaun Cassidy, move over.

— Damon West

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CHICAGO

Despite an unbelievably frosty winter, Chicago has had a full season of indoor activities ranging from the sublime to the ridiculous. Based on Studs Terkel's book of the same title, the new musical, *Working*, premiered here in Dec. The threadline plot follows a multitude of workers talking and singing about their everyday jobs, from a housewife to a supermarket checker, from a sailor to a baseball pitcher, and from a priest to a model.

Told with much compassion, each person describes how (s)he came into his or her job, whether by choice or accident. No matter how humdrum their work appears, they all attempt bringing their own unique personality with them so their employment seems less aimless.

Composer Stephen Schwartz (*Pippin*) makes an auspicious directorial debut owing much of his style to *A Chorus Line*. Besides himself, Schwartz selected five other songwriters to bring a less repetitive sound to the play. Among the standouts are James Taylor's rocking C.B. number, "Brother Truck-er;" Schwartz's flashy waitress song, "It's an Art;" and Micki Grant's (*Don't Bother Me, I Can't Cope*) parking lot attendant tribute, "Lovin' Al."

Fourteen cast members excellently create the over 30 roles. The notables include a frenetic David Patrick Kelly's "love and peace" copy boy; Bobo Lewis' matronly school teacher; Lynne Thigpen's brazen process clerk; and Anne De Salvo's hardened call girl. Yet, the musical showstopper is provided by an unprecocious 12 year-old, Jay Footlik, finding it "Neat to be a Newsboy."

The play was altered several times

during its month-long run here and is sure to include further changes before traveling to Boston and then New York for its April opening.

Steve Starr, owner of Steve Starr Studios, an interesting Chicago art deco shop, struck a gutter ball in Jan. with his musical spoof of bowling, entitled *Starrstrikers*. The brief hour-long revue featured 15 contrived original songs and a cast of 29 basically nonprofessional performers struggling with the material. Producer-director-songwriter Starr closed the program after opening night, proving his theatrical talents didn't quite equal his name.

Having opened in Jan., *A Chorus Line* continues playing to S.R.O. crowds at the Shubert theater (22 W. Monroe St.). By the time one reads this, ticket availability should have eased up. Bob Fosse's lumbering musical, *Chicago*, opened in Feb. starring original cast member Jerry Orbach. The production will run at the Blackstone theater (60 E. Balboa) through May 6.

Disco diva, Grace Jones, premiered her 35-city tour here in Feb. at the Center Stage (3730 N. Clark St.), one of the city's hottest discos. After arriving an hour late, the singer had already alienated much of the crowd before even beginning. When it was announced Ms. Jones would be accompanied by pre-recorded background music, the crowd, having paid \$5 per ticket, felt cheated. This 24 year-old former black fashion model sounds sultry on her record, but appears unprofessionally shoddy onstage.

Beginning last month, Chicago's beefcake beauties began parading their wares in an endless array of glamor-boy contests. Many of the local bars and baths sponsor individual events in which the winner competes for the Mr. Windy City title to be held this summer. Most

of these functions prove repetitively boring, but are good for an occasional appetizer.

At presstime, the Bistro (420 N. Dearborn), Chicago's other sizzling dance arena, was preparing to shut down for 10 days while the interior was being completely remodeled. A Christmas eve fire, unfortunately, destroyed one of our city's plushiest bars, Le Pub (1944 N. Clark St.). Owner Danny Riley promises he will immediately begin rebuilding, but the earliest opening would probably be this summer.

— Bill Lumen

LOS ANGELES

The L.A. entertainment scene has a bright new addition in The Ellis Space (365 N. La Cienega), where Larry Ellis has created the impression of a 1940s Hollywood supper club. Done up in a simple black and white decor, with lots of mirrors, the main focus of the room is a white grand piano in one corner. It's an ideal setting for a performer. The food's good (although the menu is rather limited) and there's a pleasant ambience about the club, which is drawing a mixed crowd. Among the talented entertainers playing there have been Roberta Sherwood, Maxine Weldon, Walter Willison and Ruth Olay. Ellis, who's made the rounds as a theater-and-club singer himself, often gets up for short set in addition to the main attraction.

Speaking of *Pal Joey*, which is almost as if we were, managing director Robert Fryer's Ahmanson Theater operation and Cy Feuer and Ernest Martin's Civic Light Opera organization combined to present a new revival of this Rodgers and Hart classic, which opened in April at the Ahmanson. Lena Horne stars in this updated version of the hoofer who has ambitions to open his own nightclub, and Gower Champion directs.

Also on the CLO schedule for this summer is *Chicago*, with Gwen Verdon coming back to co-star with Jerry Orbach for this engagement.

The Ahmanson recently carried a new production of Alan Ayck-bourn's marvelous modern farce,

Gordon Davidson brought *Getting Out* to the Mark Taper Forum, an interesting new first play by Marsha Norman about a woman facing her first day of release from prison, where she has spent most of her life. Susan Clark was quite good in the central role of Arlene

and she got strong support from Janette Lane Bradbury as her foul-mouthed younger self Arlie (the past and present are often presented simultaneously); Conchata Ferrell, outstanding as an adjusted-but-realistic ex-con with a sharp sense of humor; Collin Wilcox as Arlene's cab-driving mother; James G. Richardson as a pimp, and Hugh Gillin as a prison guard who wants to "take care" of Arlene on the outside. Davidson's direction was firm and clearly focused.

Currently at the Taper (May 18-July 2) is *Black Angel*, a new play by Michael Cristofer (who won the Pulitzer Prize last year for *The Shadow Box*). *Black Angel* followed April's *Zoot Suit*, part of the Taper's New Theater for Now series. *Zoot Suit* was created by Luis Valdez, founder and director of the famed Teatro Campesino, and concerns the

"Zoot Suit Riots" in L.A. in 1943.

The Huntington Hartford, where Lily Tomlin in *Appearing Nitely* sold out an all-too-short four-week run in Feb., followed up with James A. Doolittle's *Side By Side By Sondheim*. Hermoine Gingold, Larry Kert and Millicent Martin star in this revue sampler of Stephen Sondheim's compositions and collaborations. Tomlin, by the way, was absolutely marvelous in her one-woman, multi-character show. She is such a gifted actress/comedienne/mime and the material by Jane Wagner is brilliant.

Beatlemania, which features a sensational multimedia visual presentation of the people, attitudes and events of the 1960s along with a re-creation of the Beatles and their music, packed them in at the Shubert Theater.

George Birimisa completed his

trilogy about a young woman homosexual writer with *A Rainbow in the Night*, at the Matrix Theater. Like the first play, *A Dress Made of Diamonds*, this is too sketchy and undeveloped at this point. The second play, *Pagey Bait*, about the central character's experience in the Navy, was quite good, however. Overall, though, it would seem that Birimisa would have better luck in trying to turn the material into a novel rather than try to dramatize it for the stage, which he has not yet done well.

— Ron Englert

DETROIT

Finally! Spring is here and, after a long and snowy winter, Detroiters are ready to break out and celebrate.

The bar scene remains basically the same, with a few minor changes. Menjo's (950 W. McNichols) remains the city's number one disco. Five West has closed, and My Fair Lady has gone straight. The Escape (Jay Road and Greenfield) is still kicking, with shows once a week and live, name entertainment. The Cove (978 W. McNichols) has turned out to be the surprise of the year. The activity goes on from 11 a.m. to 5 a.m. and here you can always enjoy your favorite cocktail or a good meal and meet some very hot men. The Interchange (1501 Holden) definitely didn't let the winter get it down, and is as busy and electric as ever. The Afterglow — formerly Club Fever — (West McNichols and Woodward) continues to be an extremely popular afterhours disco, and has plans to become a full-time liquor bar. The Club Baths-Detroit (7646 Woodward), after more remodeling this winter, is still the best bath in town. Located in the New Center, the Club is convenient to all parts of the city.

Now that warmer weather is on the horizon, Palmer Park is getting active again. It's a good place to get some sun, meet with old friends, and make some new ones — but don't get carried away.

— Jimi Walters

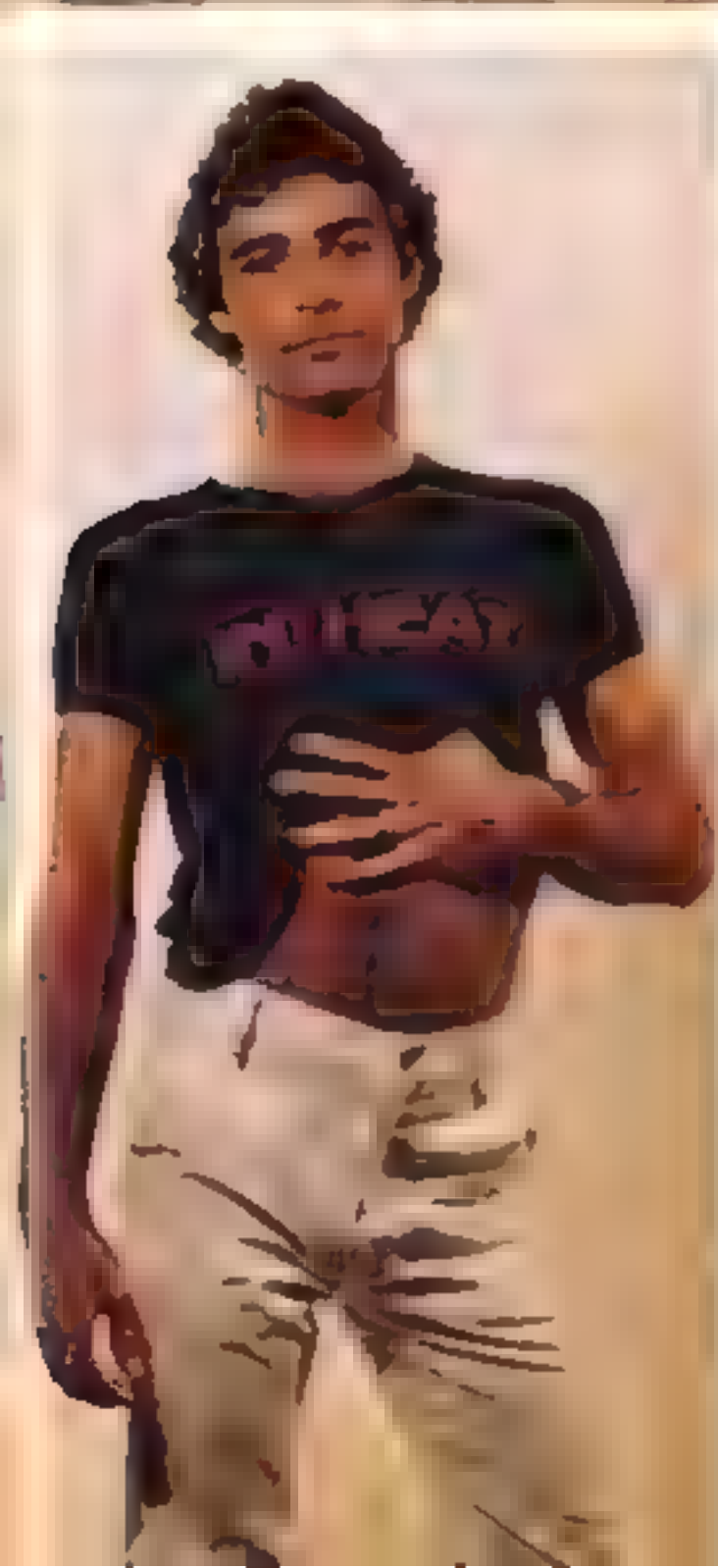
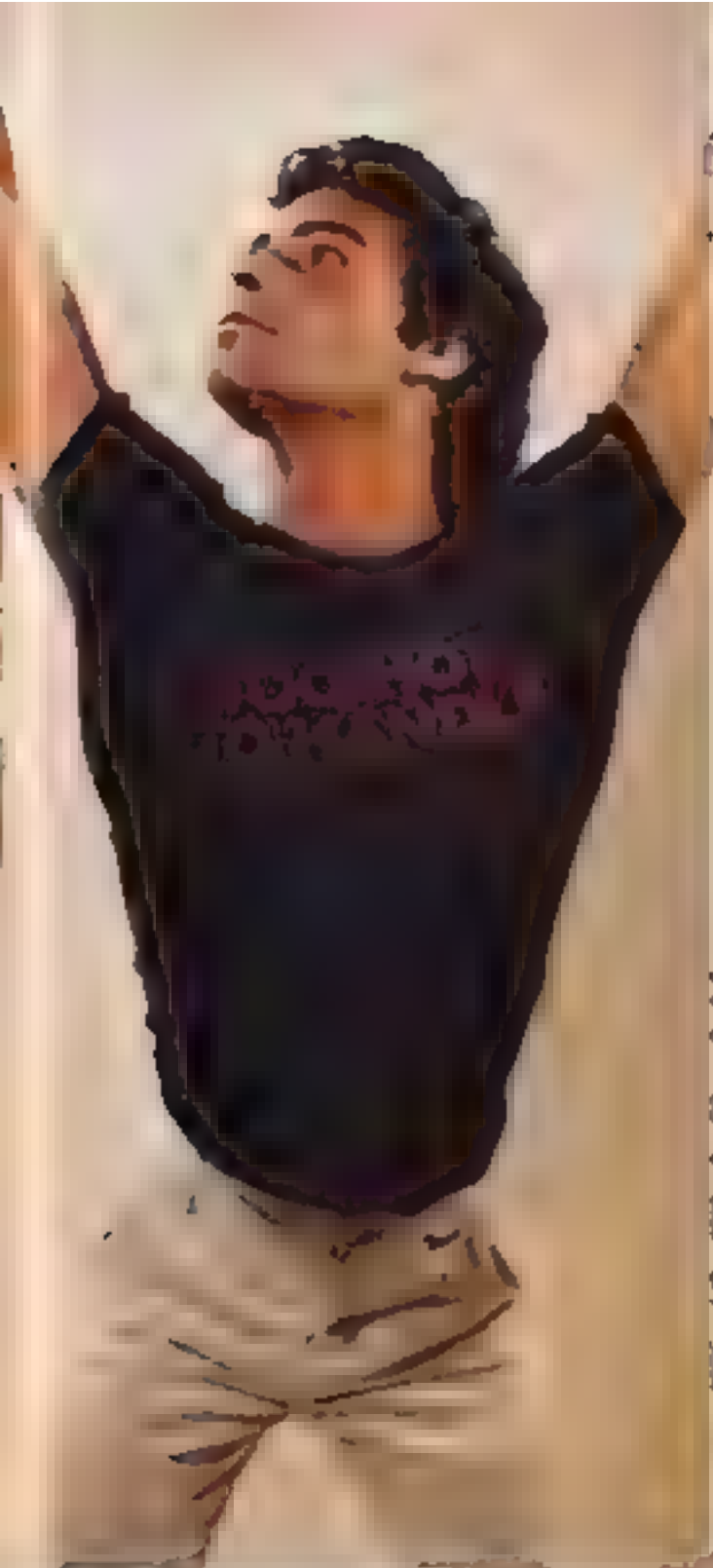
WASHINGTON, D.C.

Ah, what bliss not to have to see endless blankets of snow complete with sub-zero temperatures. Still, snow, ice, and freezing weather didn't prevent our gay community from attending the Proc-



Photo courtesy of Studio One

Comedienne Marcia Lewis brings her wild comedy to L.A.'s Studio One Backlot May 16-21.



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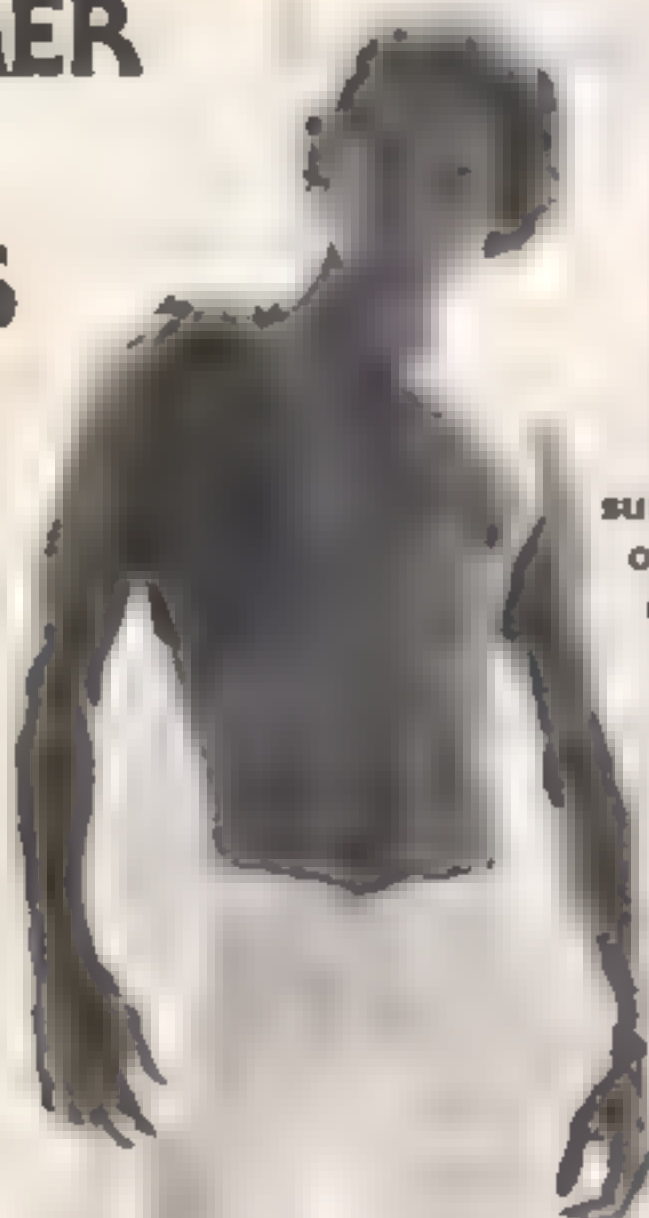
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lamation '78 demonstration/march, welcoming dear Anita to Washington Credit goes to the Gay Activists Alliance and Metropolitan Community Church in doing an excellent job of organizing the event

Once the demonstration was over, every gay bar in the city was jammed. (After all, we had to warm up amongst our own kind, as the event was chilling in more ways than one)

If things ever get boring around Washington, why not drive down to Norfolk, VA. and visit the Nickelodeon (118 West City Hall) a cozy disco where everybody makes sure out-of-towners are welcomed

Back in Washington, the Olympic Bath (1405 H. St. N.W.) is a new-comer to the area, and a must for everyone who is into the bath scene. The decor is imaginative and the goings on . . . well . . . Prices are slightly higher than the other baths in town, but worth it.

On the theater scene, the splendid New York City Ballet at the Opera House of the Kennedy Center highlighted Balanchine's Vienna waltzes along with two brand-new Balanchine ballets, *Ballo della Regina* and *Kammermusik No. 2*. At the Eisenhower, a new play by Richard Wesley, *The Mighty Gents*, follows the transition of a street gang into adulthood. The popular Arena Stage (6th and Maine Ave. S.W.) carried a revival of Tennessee Williams' *A Streetcar Named Desire* followed by a new *Hamlet* with Kristoffer Labori in the title role

New Playwrights' Theater (1742 Church St. N.W.) has done it again with Kenneth Arnold's new



A. David Johnson and Fan Frederick Shiffman in the New Playwright Theater's *Nightmare*!!

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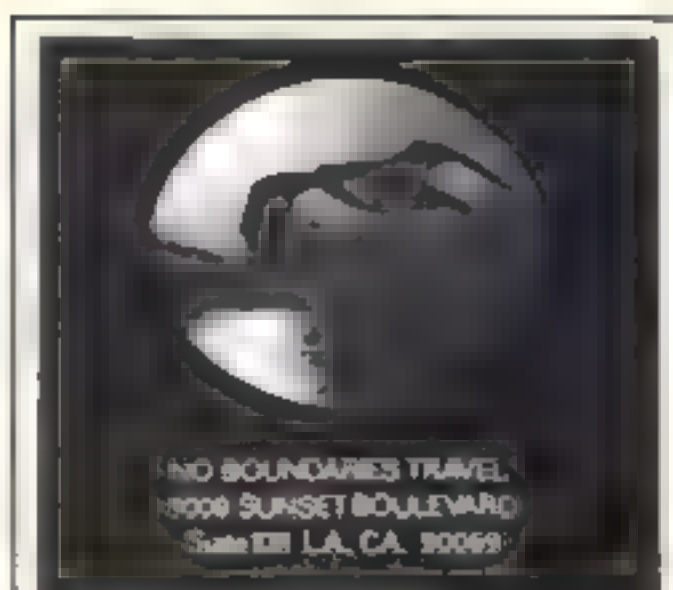


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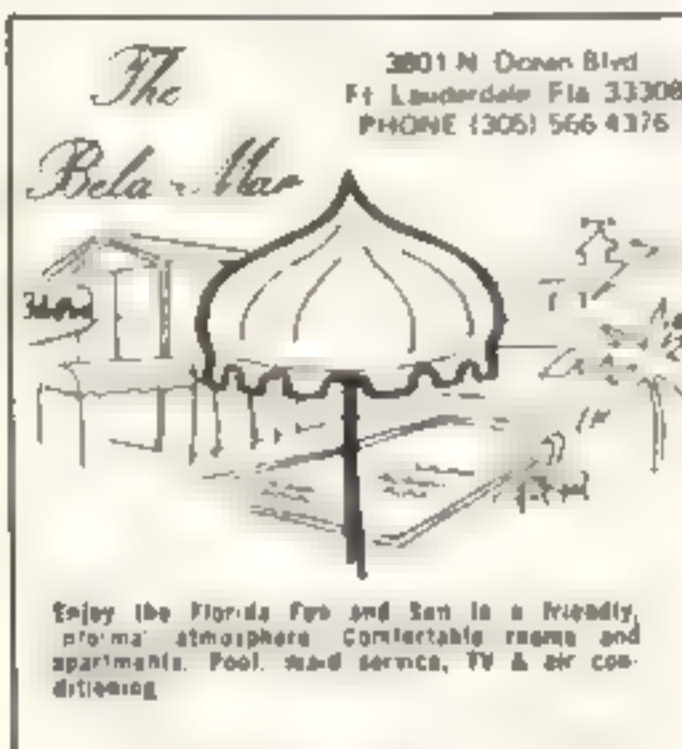
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if the sun comes up. Parking is
easiest here, but arrive before the
bars close to avoid the line. Fruit
juice and fruit is the only thing
served inside for free, but what else
did you come for? If you're not a
member, arrive as a guest and ex-
perience the dance marathon on the
largest floor around. The light and
sound show is a technological trip
and will carry you away with its
intensity.

If you want to watch, do it from
the balcony, or get away in the game
room. There's space to be intimate
as well as outrageous.

Disco not your speed? There are
several new bars to consider. The
crowd is fickle and rolls with the
fog. Trying to guess is like trying
to put socks on an octopus. Off
Castro at Hartford is Mohy Dick,
(4049 18th St.), a whale of a bar
in navy blue with brass rails and a
saltwater aquarium over the bar.
Hunky tars man the ship. Go for
a ride on Sunday afternoon.

Speaking of seafaring, The Bolt
is now The Brig on Folsom, and
for punishment to accompany such
severe detainment, try Black and
Blue (Howard and 8th St.) across
from the Club Baths. The bar-
tenders obey you in harnesses in the
back room done in black leather,
chrome, and a suspended bike over
the pool table. Watch out you don't
get suspended, too. The music is
low, so it's easy to discuss just ex-
actly what you want or deserve!

On Polk St., there's a pleasant
little place called The Giraffe.
Stop in after shopping and relax. If
you're down at The Lion, the Alta
Plaza (2301 Fillmore at Clay) will
get you up. It's a comfortable bar
with a touch of class, sleek as an
Ascot pin, and serving classic Amer-
ican, grilled food from 11:30 a.m.
until midnight.

The rainy season did not put a
damper on entertainment. Lily Tom-
lin gave us her own special sunshine
of charm and wisdom for a soldout
engagement at The Palace of Fine
Arts.

A.C.T. presents a well-rounded
season this year from *Julius Caesar*
to French farce to *All the Way*
Home, a slice of Americana that
goes right to the heart. Jay O
Sanders, 24 and built like a piece
of the rock, is convincing as the
strapping young father, taken from
his family by fate, in this Pulitzer
Prize-winning play by Ted Mosel
based on *A Death in the Family*
by James Agee. Zesty Ruth Kobart
bustles about in Feydeau's *Hotel*
Paradise, a zany farce with a smash-
ing set. Ray Reinhardt portrays

Caesar like a stubborn corporate executive in a strong production directed by Edward Payson

The Berkeley One-Act Theater (B.O.A.T.) continues to present new and proven one-act plays by the great and would-be-great at a reasonable price with good acting under the capable direction of Peter Tripp. The Julian Theater has just premiered Michael McClure's new play: *Goethe: Ein Fragment*. In this poetic whimsy, Mephistopheles seduces Goethe into writing *Faust* so that he will have immortality in literature — since it appears that religion may not last as long

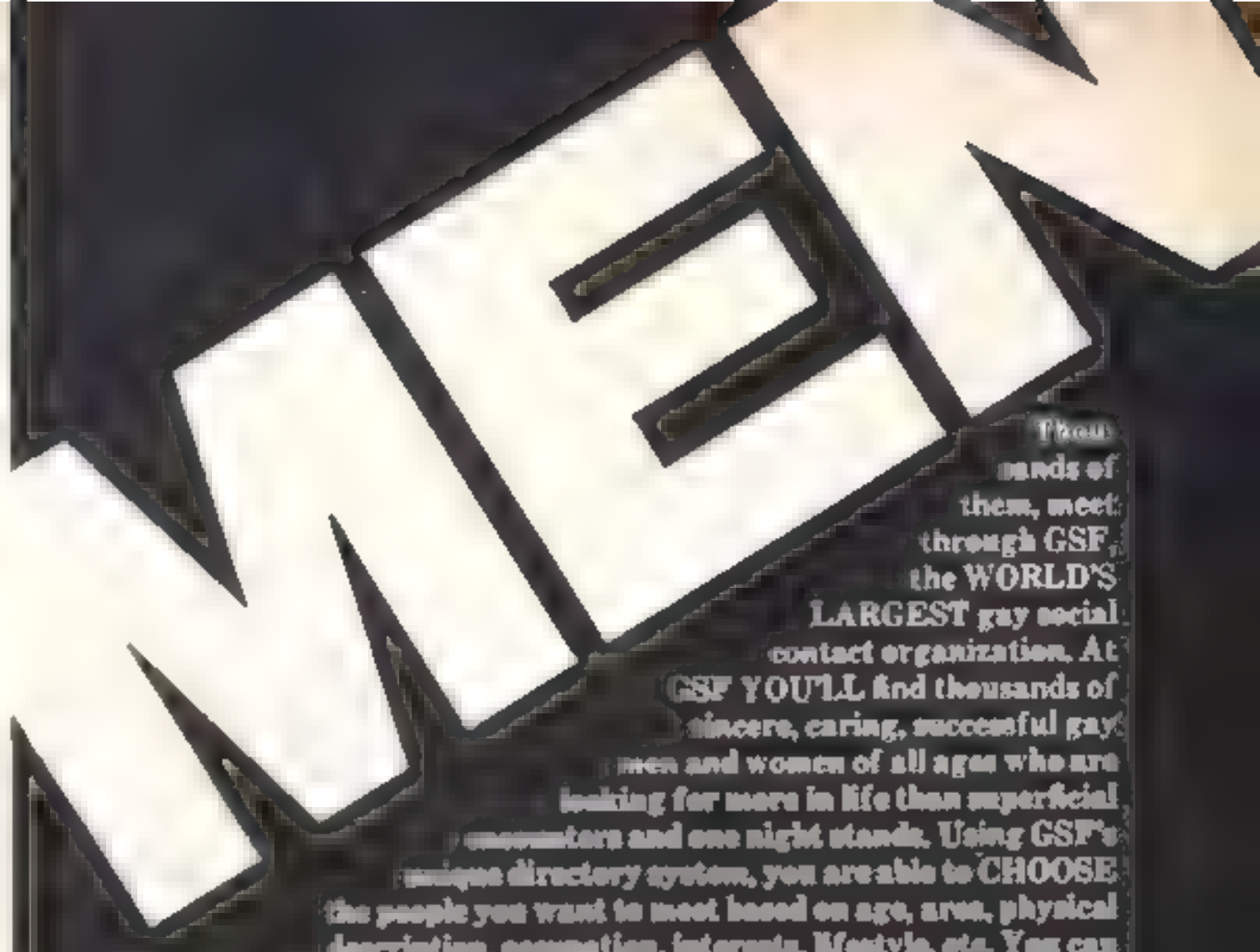
If you visit San Francisco this spring, why not take in a white-water rafting trip? The drought is officially over and the torrents will give you a thrill. Contact Tuffy's Sport Shop (19th and Castro) and sign up, please!

Dan Turner

TORONTO

Actor-director-playwright John Herbert's satirical revue *Wonderful Whores*, which has been ruffling critical petticoats around Toronto, will open at New York's Les Mouches, (260 West 11th Ave.). Herbert gives life and wit to many of his favorite ladies including "Greta Garbage," "Gloria Swanson," "Lullaby Marlene" and Mae West, and some not-so-favored such as "Saint Anita of the Fruits" who delivers a sermon from the Mount of Venus. Herbert's special Canadian heroines ("Barbarica Trump," "Margarine Blockwood" and the inevitable "Rose-Marie") will accompany him to the New York appearances. Members of Herbert's Maverick Theater Company alternate with him in skits pricking social situations and theatrical balloons. It's hatter-mad and lots of fun.

Openings and On-Goings: The Wonder Bar, Toronto's latest after-hours disco club, had its official opening recently. Some 600-odd disco freaks danced the night away to music chosen by DJ Wally McDonald. The Canadian premiere engagement of Jules Feiffer's *Hold Me* continues its 16-week run at The Teller's Cage. Starring perennial favorite Barbara Mamilton, this witty urbane revue/play based on Feiffer's cartoons and sketches is produced by Joseph Deane and directed by Miriam Fond. Tony-award winner *Annie* took the O'Keefe Centre by storm. Toronto is the first city other than New York to see this



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blockbuster Mike Nichols produc-
tion. David Warrack's latest hit mu-
sical, *Praise*, is at the Bayview
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be able to get it. Have a look.

— Bryan Crown

NEW YORK

Ah! New York in the Springtime!
And you can bet your sweet
little disco pumps fair Goth-
am's never hustled so bad before,
from high tea 'til dawn you can trash
at Les Mouches or throb at the Ice
Palace. The party's all over town
who was that meat-packing heir
from Chicago (cold cuts and canned
ham) over at Les Mouches, anyway?
And under a potted palm - really!
Hurrah's had the fabulous Dietrich
party; Studio 54 was special for
Farrah What's-Her-Name; and we'll
forgive someone for that tacky
geisha gala with the parasols for
Chinese New Years. Even Bella
stepped out in her ruby slippers for the
New Harry's Back East. And
we're all waiting for the Mayor to
throw a fireman's ball sometime this
April.

This Spring you should check out
where the legendary Divine is play-
ing. She stars in *Neon Women*, Tom
Fyan's latest since the Mary Hart-
man series. This is the group who
gave us *Women Behind Bars*, only
this time we're in Baltimore for a
little burlesque, with Sweet William
in a supporting role. Ah, trendy Di-
vine — just when everyone is going
Studio 54 London. She's been the
essence of Glamour ever since *Pink
Flamingoes*. And while *Neon Wom-
en* won't ever light up Broadway,
there's no doubt about its being an
underground sensation.

Another firecracker is Harvey
Fierstein's backroom epic, *Interna-
tional Stud*, over at LaMama. Har-
vey's been a legend ever since
Freaky Pussy days, and now ap-
pears as a brilliant mime in his own
play about singles life in the Big
Apple. Harvey's adventures in the
dark corners of *The Stud* (over on
Perry St.) are both hilarious and
slightly pathetic, though, as he tries
the "Avon Calling" technique to find
romance, only getting impaled from
behind instead. It's like a quick get-

(continued on page 77)

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Randy Blair

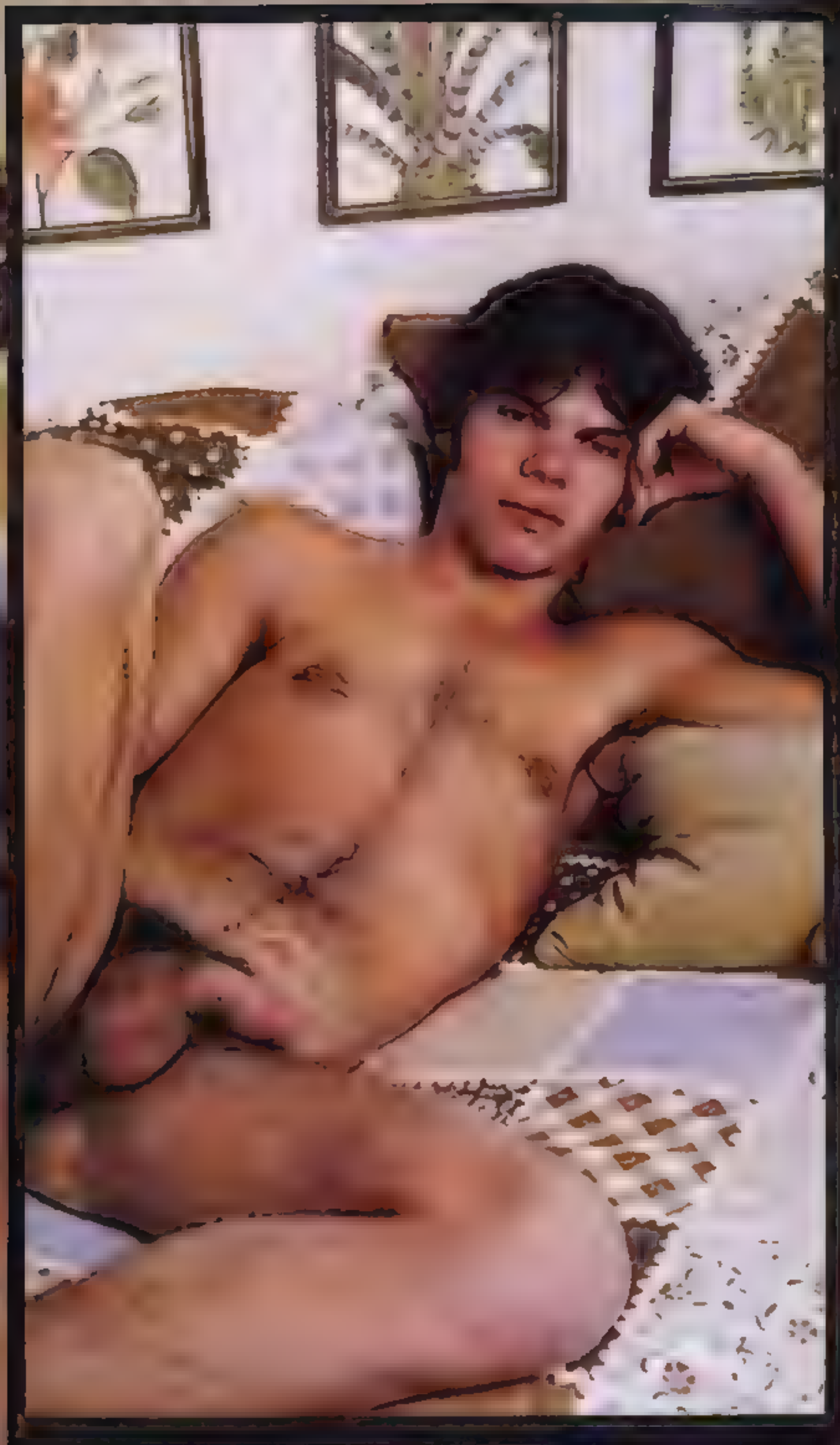
Every guy projects an image, and in the case of 20-year-old Pisces Randy Blair, it's a cross between a frolicsome puppy and an idealized kid brother. He emanates a sense of very real innocence seen all too rarely these days. A native Californian, Randy dreams of becoming an airlines flight attendant. His relaxation includes the beach, a lot of dancing, and roaring around town on his motorcycle. He enjoys being young and single, and lives every minute to the fullest. "I'll settle down one of these days," he says with his infectious grin, eyes sparkling, "in the country, probably. But now there's too much to do."

And with that, he's off to new adventures.

PHOTOGRAPHY
BY MIKE CHESSE











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The Great Hollywood 'C' Party

When the "Who's Who" meet the "Who Cares" the names drop like snowflakes in Nome, and the one cardinal rule is that nobody have the slightest idea of what's going on.



Hollywood snob parties (or *Guess who I saw doing whom behind the Ficus Benjamina?*) have been an integral part of Magic Kingdom tradition ever since the day Norma Desmond discovered the joys of bondage on the tracks of the Union Pacific RR. Gossip column trivia, ranging from the frivolous pastimes of Fatty Arbuckle to the sexual aberrations of guests seated at the Pickford-Hlynn, pre-set dinner table on a specific Tuesday night were the greedy staple of millions of less fortunate. Louella Parsons was the goddess of back-fence tittle-tattle, and rumor had it that Heddi's hats were converted funeral wreaths from the many star-studded funerals she attended.

But it was Joyce Haber, the Rex Reed of the *L.A. Times*, who, fresh from categorizing the qualities of her canned peaches on a scale of *one* (stringy, lacking constitution) to *ten* (juicy and quite sold), applied the embarrassing stigma of *A* and/or *B* to the glittering social gatherings of Tinsel Town. One's

affair rated an unqualified *A* if attended by Ingrid Bergman during the seventies and a *B* if attended by Ingrid Bergman during the early fifties. The rise and demise of a concubine of the silver screen would often reflect the frequency and quality of invitations received and accepted.

Of course, in the wake of the decline of the Great Hollywood Era, *A* events are few, expensive and far between. Producer Allan Carr still manages to pull an occasional one out of his size 17½ hat (in between less-advertised and more-intimate gatherings) but nowadays, with the advent of *Deep Throat*, Mann's Chinese Theater, and the ambivalence of the Hollywood Chamber of Commerce, a new and bizarre counter-culture has reared its fatuous head. The Great Hollywood *C* Party, or *If I can do it at the Anvil why can't I do it here?*

What exactly is a Hollywood *C* Party? Well, to be as succinct as possible, it's a party that Joyce Haber wouldn't be caught dead at.

I didn't receive an invitation to the 'Entertainment Party of the Year,' not because I wasn't on the party list (God forbid) but because I had moved so many times within the year it would've taken the entire post office staff of West Covina several months including overtime to locate my mail. Somewhere it lies, my invitation, along with the overdue phone bills and numerous flyers from Colt Studios.

The party was honoring Mae West (God rest her soul) as entertainer of the year, though what she did to deserve that appendage escapes me. But for all I know she appeared in Las Vegas at the Silver Slipper Saloon on a double bill with Jerry Van Dyke (God rest his soul). The cover of the magazine bestowing the dubious honor includes the all-inclusive slogan, *The Entertainment Magazine*. Its pages occasionally look more like a Sear's Catalog for a male whorehouse in Tarzana combined with grotesque Polaroids of a burlesque show at the Actor's Home for the Aged. That's Entertainment!

I immediately tied up the line with one of the magazine's West Coast representatives and petulantly demanded a Xerox copy of my mimeographed invitation, and was politely informed that the affair was not 'just an ordinary cocktail party,' but was to be the social event of the season and the party list had been discreetly edited to include only the most prestigious of Holly-

wood's finest. 'Finest what?' I was sorely tempted to ask.

Instead, I explained that I had bared my bottom in a small theater production in 1972 and surely qualified as one of the elite, but the response was anything but encouraging: "So what?"

Skinny-dipping in Anne Baxter's pool overlooking the Pacific didn't gain any points either, and it wasn't until I told her that I had lunched with her editor in Las Vegas the previous month and knew some of his intimate friends intimately that I was greeted with any encouragement.

"I'll check with N.Y. and see if they can squeeze you in on the list. What number can you be reached at?"

I didn't have the phone number of the 8709 Baths on hand. "I'll call you."

The afternoon of the party, heaving with undisguised elation and just a bit of snob-ego, I was having my just-off-the-rack, peach tuxedo fitted as snugly as possible about the waist and thighs. (Did you every try to show a basket in a tuxedo? . . . Sure, but with the zipper closed?)

"And what is the special occasion?" the tailor tuttered as he ran the tape measure from my instep to my inner thigh.

"A private party in honor of Mae West," I panted smugly assured of a respectful response.

"Well good, I'll probably see you there," he answered, giving my rump a healthy but unnecessary pat.

After glibly pointing out that my trouser length was 33 and not "7-¾" as he had written, I left the store just a little disconcerted.

My date for the evening, as for every *show and tell* occasion, was a subtle cross between Sophia Loren and Judy Holiday, possessing the finer qualities of both. Our outfits matched, as usual. Ken and Barbie at your service.

We parked the car a block and a half away to avoid the embarrassment of having to compete with Rolls Royces and rented limos. Vintage cars are in, but let's not be ridiculous. And after dashing past the sightseers (both of them) and the photographers (two Polaroids and a brownie) we finally made it to the reception table and the all-imposing guest list. My name was easily located on page 47 between Floyd's Fish Market and the West Coast chapter of the GGRC. I mean, this was a distinguished affair.

(By the way, its acceptable prac-

tice to name-drop at a *C* party. The odds are no one will know who you're talking about anyway.)

The interior of the Beverly Wilshire ballroom looked like a combination of opening night at the Ahmanson and a Little Lord Fauntleroy costume party at the Rusty Nail. And it took me two weeks to wangle an invitation! I got more phone numbers that night than at the Gay Carnival on Sunset two days and nights consecutively.

The highlight of the evening, of course, was Mae West, supported by a phalanx of military guard making her entrance into the ballroom amidst cheering applause and drunken cries of 'We love you, Mitzi.'

Other momentous incidents? My date got to dance with A Hollywood Name (she still won't return my phone calls). I was politely told to remove my hand from Miss West's back, and I had the pleasure of feeling up a New York model in white tux, top-hat and tails in a corner booth overlooking the stage.

I looked everywhere for Divine and the Cycle Sluts, but in a tuxedo . . . who can tell?

Ahh, Hollywood.

Greta Garbo, where are you when we need you?

Another fabulous *C* party which only the very privileged attend is occasionally tossed by an infamous producer/artist's manager (now forty pounds lighter) who also manages to make the *Times* Society Page with his straighter and better-advertised affairs. The one (I repeat *one*) party to which I was inadvertently *invited* was a dinner party served by young men dressed in miniskirted Roman togas, who looked amazingly like the clientele seen meandering about the vicinity of the Gold Cup on warm evenings. Their services went well beyond the carvings of meat and shaky servings of mashed potatoes. Strangely enough, the small guest list was of a higher caliber than the entire contents of the ballroom at the Beverly Wilshire Hotel.

And, of course, the final but best *C* party can be thrown by anyone in his living room (etc.). All one needs is a closed circuit t.v. set, a borrowed Studio One disco tape (easily obtained), several mattresses, a six pack of *Locker Room* and the verbal guarantee that Janis Joplin will be making her appearance at any given moment. No one will notice.

Hollywood

Da da da da da dada, *Hollywood*.

■ ■

The First Time

by Jeremy Hughes

There are some things in life very few of us ever forget — and our first gay sex experience is one of them. Here are a few remembrances of that memorable time.

A minor *success de scandale* was created not long ago when several ostensibly heterosexual celebrities were encouraged by an enterprising interviewer to reminisce about their initiation into the mysteries of sex. No less enterprising, if perhaps a tad imitative, writer Jeremy Hughes gathered the following anecdotes of celebrities who have marched (and balled) to the beat of a less orthodox drum. Here organized alphabetically, are their remembrances of first flings past

FRED HALSTED

(Cult hero Fred Halsted — filmmaker, actor, director, publisher, writer, boss honcho — chose to write out his recollection, and it is reproduced below uncensored, in Halsted's own original style.)

"I came out during one of my periods of instability. Just out of high school I didn't know which end was up

"One night after a heavy sex night at the San Jose Drive-in with my high school fiancé in front of her house I told her that I was gay. After the shock she said 'How do you know? Have you ever done it with a guy?' I said 'no.' She said 'well I can prove you aren't.'...I said 'well I am.' She said 'well what are you going to do?' I said 'Go to Hollywood where all the faggots are' and I did...quitting my job and packing my teenage possessions into my new car

"I headed for Hollywood....Two days later I met (in front of Hollywood High School) a super hot stud

he yelled out 'why don't you turn down your radio and have a beer with me...?' I did....Big Jay was my first lover...he is so hot...a huge man, 6'3", massive hairy chest, huge cock, great head. He was a big influence on my life groovy man. We were lovers for 3 years...and still are close friends

"I had no problems accepting my homosexuality, I dug it...but I was so fucking monogamous. Like he was my world...I tend to be very naive. Later I would screw around...but NEVER with friends. God, I used to walk into a gay bar and the place would literally stop and stare. It's dynamite to be young, super hot and a new face in Hollywood'

"Things are still great and I still don't ball friends...it's like they'll



David Kopay

turn in a report card or something. Now they can judge me on the screen. I dig a lot being a porno star the money's OK...but best of all I like the status I have around town...and a minor influence around the land

"I was so shy, naive and hot when I was a kid...my old friends from those days were shocked as hell when *LA Plays Itself* came out. I was a closet sadist (as we all were in those days)...never got into S/M with Big Jay...but with strangers...too much! One of the reasons for my making *that* film was to bring out S/M from the closet (and did it!)...I never had trouble accepting being a faggot, but being an S/Mer was a drama...well that's all old news now

"With *El Paso Wrecking Co.* I got to play the kind of character I am now...really trashy...today sweet disco types are hitting on me a lot and they have such beautiful buns, now I do both sides of S/M am really turning on young guys. I know now how to slap them around without being crazy...which is a legacy I guess I'll have to live down around this town....I have a terrible reputation....I'm a lot better sex than I used to be...now, I really dig turning on guys, so I don't get crazy unless they want me to. Before, I used to get insane if they wanted it or not

"I guess I'm still very active sexually, I love the drama of S/M great theater...and I love theater...I'm sort of a symbol of the 'Do It' thinking....I think I've been a positive influence on gay sexuality...certainly liberated a lot of heads. I like being Fred Halsted!"

MICHAEL KEARNS

(As "Grant Tracy Saxon," Michael Kearns was aggressively uninhibited about his sex life in the autobiographical *The Happy Hustler* — Warner's, New York. However, the sometime actor-writer assures us that this is the true story of "My First Time.")

"I was sixteen, Richard was in his thirties. I don't remember who approached whom — it was a balmy night at the St. Louis Municipal Opera free seats. I, naively, was there to see the show. Instead, I saw a vision of swarthy good looks, a black handlebar moustache, longish hair, dimples, a knowing grin, and, oh yeah, tight white pants

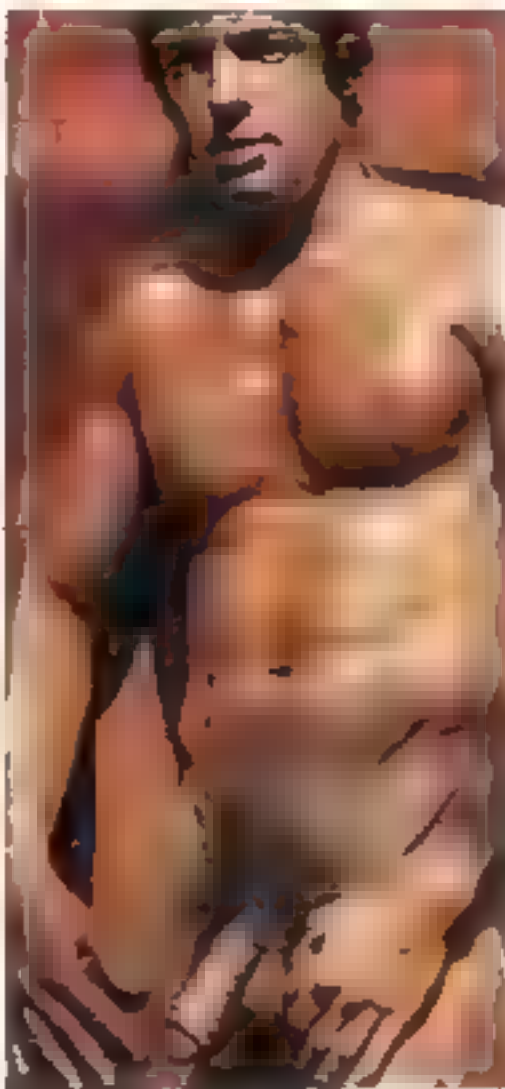
"It was eye-to-eye communication before a word was said. Somehow I knew this would be the first one

Eventually, we spoke. Small talk. And he invited me to his home which wasn't far from Forest Park where the 'Muny' was located (Needless to say, I had to call home with a fib of an excuse, but nothing would stop me now.)

"I remember lying on the floor of his living room in the midst of oversize pillows. We hugged, cavorted around on the floor for hours before clothes were removed. Finally, he said, 'Wanna go into the bedroom?' (How many times have I heard that since? Or said it? There's nothing like those five words to a virgin's ear.) We did.

"The thing I remember the most — more than cumming — was the feeling I experienced when his tongue entered my mouth. Somehow that made me realize and accept the fact that I liked men. At least I liked *this* man. And loved that tongue! It was the most sensual feeling I have ever felt and I can capture it in my memory right this second.

"After it was over, I returned



Jack Wrangler

home and it started to rain — really rain, St. Louis style. I got home, sat on my bed, opened the window and looked out at the pouring rain, and re-lived, over and over into the wee hours of the morning, the feeling of his moustache near my face and his tongue searching every valley of my mouth.

It wasn't the last time, but oh the first time!"

DAVID KOPAY

(It had been 2½ years since pro footballer Dave Kopay's flinging open of his closet door made national headlines. In The David Kopay Story, written with Perry Deane Young — Arbor House, New York, the late-blooming athlete set forth an "extraordinary self-revelation.")

"My best friend in college was Ted Robinson (fictional name). He had been a high school basketball player and in our one-on-one games he still competed with the seriousness of a true athlete... Beneath

(continued on page 45)



Michael Kearns

he says, and the showing today is the last summer when there were no classes to disrupt. A few new social numbers have been added.

The Great ...
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at April 5, 1964, and
which he gave to
a romantic love
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As for his latest co-star, "I've met her several times and I get along with her fine," he says. "The working time for their picture is Moment to Moment, perhaps reason of a picture with Marvin LeRoy's company of the same name."

[illegible][illegible]

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"I always go with his car
 and I'm on the street of
 the courts and restaurants. His
 car is always with six or
 seven people. But we're not
 really in a hurry to go."

The price was not likely to come despite the success of the previous *Saturday Night Fever*, as a new film really do the same thing as I want to one of the most famous and successful movies. We've started to think of

For a long time, I've been wondering how the world would be if we had a more equitable distribution of wealth. I've been thinking about it a lot, and I've been wondering if it's possible to create a more just society. I've been thinking about it a lot, and I've been wondering if it's possible to create a more just society.

[illegible]

He says he requires a constant diet of the sort of work he is working on at the moment, because he has two, three or four ideas in his head, and he thought a lot about a lot of things. He says at 3:00, "I am one of the most excited and happy persons in the world. You can be very excited and you get up here and within a minute you're

His voice draws out his eyes rest on the back of the head and the back of a stiff second John Travolta is in the green is seen in the knowledge that even the sky is no limit for his soaring career.

Getting to Know You, Charles Strout



Fiction by George M. Seaton

Illustration by Ron Mason

Charles Strout was my freshman English instructor at the University of Colorado in Boulder. He was about twenty-five and husky and handsome and I was seventeen and naive and I used to wonder why he would stare at me when we (the students) were supposed to be reading some passage in the text and he was supposed to be considering the next question he would ask us in order to test our powers of explication. The classroom would be very quiet and I would glance up from the text layed out on my desktop and he would be staring at me and he would continue to stare and I would look back down at the text . . . embarrassed.

Seventeen. Shy. Incredibly naive. I was in a perpetual state of wondering about the possibilities of guys together, alone, perhaps kissing, perhaps naked, perhaps feeling one another's nakedness, perhaps sucking one another's Yes, and what were the possibilities that guys placed their . . . you knows . . . into other's . . . *rears*? And, what were the possibilities that Charles Strout could tell me about guys together, alone, kissing, naked, sucking and . . . well . . . *etc*?

Love? No, it hadn't really occurred to me that guys could love one another on an intellectual and emotional basis. I was just curious about the possibilities of the sex involved. Jesus, I had been curious about the sex involved ever since junior high school when my best friend Frank told me what a blow job was. I told Frank that we ought to try it sometime and he said "okay" and then he thought about it for a minute and said we'd be queer if we tried it so we'd better not try it. And, it was then I discovered a queer was somebody who gave somebody else a blow job. "See, if you get a blow job it's okay, you're not queer," Frank told me. "But, if you give somebody a blow job it's not okay and you're queer." And Frank knew what he was talking about because his big brother Dino explained the whole thing to Frank one day and he even showed him some pictures of queers in a magazine he had under his bed.

Like I said, I was seventeen and shy and incredibly naive. But, I wasn't that way because that was just the way I was. No, part of my problem back then was mother and the church; that good, loving, christian institution which had succeeded in instilling in me the fear of some horrible, fiery damnation for my unclean thoughts, desires, hopes, wants and dreams which usually manifest-

ed themselves when I would feverishly "abuse" myself behind the locked door of our upstairs bathroom. Those secret sessions would usually transpire right after I would come home from swim team practice when all those lovely images of my fellow teammates in skim-thin, nylon tanksuits were still fresh in my mind.

Well, at mother's direction I spent an entire childhood of summer Saturdays receiving instruction in the ways of her church, which could not help but screw my understanding of life, love, and those relationships—anything other than man and woman—which were not sanctioned by God, the church . . . or mother.

But, when I was seventeen and on my own in Boulder and wondering about Charles Strout, I began to reevaluate mother and her church in the exquisite light of my new-found freedom; in the egalitarian atmosphere of academe. I began to consider if those images of childhood summer Saturdays which had implanted themselves in my memory were worth preserving or whether they could be blotted out with some serious conscious effort on my part. Well, I soon discovered that one can't just blot out the memory of his past. One really shouldn't want to. Even the bad memories have meaning beyond themselves . . . they teach. And, that was probably the first important thing I learned in college.

Now, about Charles Strout . . .

The University Memorial Center—UMC—was where all non-academic activities of the school were housed. The school newspaper, the Young Democrats and Republicans, and the student council were all together at the UMC. Also, there was a large restroom—about twelve stalls—tucked off in a corner of the ground floor of the three-story building. I used to visit that restroom at least three times a day on the way to or coming from classes. I would pick any stall at random, drop my pants, sit down and read the graffiti on the beige sheet-metal walls. There was really no reason—usually—to drop my pants, except that I thought my presence in the stall would appear more authentic from the outside if my pants were appropriately gathered about my ankles. And, somehow, there was something extremely sensuous about sitting there behind the locked door with my pants down reading the nastiness on the walls and—*Hallelujah*—there was an abundance of "nastiness" on the walls for me to read and wonder about: *Hot,*

Hung, Horny; AC/DC; Greek Active/French passive; Jim will suck, Jim will fuck, try your luck, Jim 555-9908. And, on the wall of the very last stall was what developed into an epic poem, to which the anonymous author would add something almost every day. I remember that it had something to do with a blond-headed youth playing someone's wonderful golden flute, and when it finally dawned on me that the poet wasn't writing about a flute at all, I couldn't wait to sit myself down and read each new verse and attempt to translate phrases like "fern-laced cavern" where the flute was occasionally hidden an "down-covered, delicate, duplicate jewels" which, somehow, were attached to the golden flute.

The graffiti on the walls of the restroom in the main library was much more vivid than that at the UMC. Guys would describe themselves and their sexual attributes and their preferences and sometimes their fantasies as though they were placing an order with a computer dating service. I remember one guy writing: "Blue eyes, blond hair, nineteen, 10 inches, tight ass, seeks brown hair, green eyes, 10 inches or more, tight ass, 18-20 yr. old for fun and games." I pulled out my ballpoint and wrote "Monopoly?" right after the "fun and games" part and then immediately regretted it and wanted to put my phone number there instead because I fitted his order exactly except I wasn't quite ten inches; I wasn't quite eighteen yet; my eyes were sort of a brownish-green and I wasn't too sure what he meant about the "tight ass" part. But, my innocence or the church or mother held me back and I pulled my pants up and left the restroom with my little joke still on the wall. Jesus, it's hell being such a virgin and wanting to be such a whore but not knowing how to begin.

Yes . . . now, about Charles Strout . . .

I had been a trombonist since I was seven or eight years old, and had won a performing arts scholarship to the University of Colorado School of Music. One of the requisites of the scholarship was that I be a member of the Marching Band and I did, indeed, become a member of the band. I enjoyed the experience and found it to be a lucrative source for my fantasies because the band consisted of about 150 people, mostly guys. No, I didn't have a crush on the drum major, but I did enjoy watching his little ass flex and shake and go through

all sorts of gyrations when he would march with his knees raised chest high. And then he would strut a little, and then halt and slap his legs together . . . his ass shaking slightly and then flexing tight under those white stretch pants. And, because the trombones are always in the front row — right behind the drum major — I had a superb view of those beautiful mounds of athletic ass. (I was sorely disappointed when they chose a female drum major during my junior year.)

Every season the Marching Band would make one road trip with the football team to another school in our conference. My freshman year we were scheduled to go to Lawrence, Kansas for a game with KU or KSU (I never can remember which one is in Lawrence). The team, of course, would always fly to road games but the band would always take the train because — as everybody knows — athletic budgets are traditionally fatter than arts' budgets at the best of our public institutions. Anyway, the band boarded a train in Boulder late one afternoon and our forever journey to Lawrence began.

The director of the marching band was an ancient, stone-faced sphinx who was opposed to laughter because if you laughed it meant you were having fun, and he was even more opposed to fun than he was to laughter. And, the band was given explicit instructions that the train trip to Lawrence was to be a serious journey undertaken without fun, booze or anything which might negate the seriousness of the trip.

I had been "adopted" by two fellow trombone players and a trumpet player who were seniors and damned determined that the trip to Lawrence would be, at least, fun and, at most, a day to remember. And, because I had celebrated my eighteenth birthday the week before, they had decided to treat me to my first drunk on the way to Lawrence. They had smuggled three bottles of Southern Comfort in their instrument cases and as soon as the train got under way we all invaded one of the moderate-sized restrooms and sat down on the floor in a circle. My friends pulled out a deck of cards and we began playing poker and periodically sipping the whiskey which one of them would pull out from under a pile of white towels or from behind the metal commode.

It wasn't long before I was feeling pretty good and enjoying myself and the company of the three other guys, especially the trumpet player, whose dark brown hair, gray eyes,

and Levi's fascinated me. I can't remember him ever wearing anything other than Levi's and those fine, faded bluejeans hugging that fine ass and the bulge in front was something even the church couldn't keep me from admiring. I mean . . . see. Levi's are just so . . . incredible

After playing poker for a couple of hours, the trombone players left the room to get some sleep. Finally, Larry — the trumpet player — and I were left alone in the restroom. We continued to play poker, which wasn't easy after the effect of the whiskey had taken hold. After we finished two hands, Larry set the cards on the toilet seat and smiled at me. "You know," he said "you're pretty cute." I smiled back and mumbled something like, "Okay."

"Ya, and you're drunk too."

"Sure am," I said, smiling wider.

Larry stood up from the floor and locked the door of the restroom. He then sat down next to me.

"Why'd you lock the door?"

"Well," he said, staring at me, "there are times when doors should be locked and when they shouldn't and this is one of those times when

"It should be locked?"

"Yes."

"Hm"

Of course, I had fantasized that Larry was gay since the first time I saw him. But, trumpet players are so . . . *hetero*; they're the kind of guys who, after band practice, go out and drink six-packs of beer and roll faggots in the park. And when Larry locked the door of the restroom and sat down beside me, I couldn't help but wonder if maybe, somehow, he had found out about my "queer" tendencies and was going to beat the crap out of me right there in the john.

"You know, your eyes give you away," he said as he stroked my hair with his fingers.

"Ah . . . ah . . ."

"Don't fight it."

He then kissed me and it was a long, wet kiss with his tongue inside my mouth. I remember thinking: "Alright, this guy is gay and I'm scared to death and what the hell should I do now?" But, Larry had taken charge of my body and had laid me out across the floor of the restroom and was on top of me. He began to gently explore my body with his hands and, in the process, he undid whatever buttons or zippers were attached to my clothing.

"You're new at this," he said

"Ah"

"Well, just relax . . . I'm not."

Soon, we were both naked on the

floor and we went through the full gamut of Larry's sexual repertoire. It was wonderful. Goddamn, it was wonderful

I came out on Old Stone Face's serious train on that serious journey to Lawrence, Kansas. And, the trip back was a ball. Literally — because Larry introduced me to everybody else in the band who was gay and we didn't play poker in the restroom but we did occupy the restroom — about seven of us — for the entire return trip.

Toward the end of my freshman year at Boulder, Larry took me to a chicken bar in Denver one chilly spring night. We shared a pitcher of 3 2 beer and we danced and watched the crowd of young gay men and lesbians be themselves in an atmosphere where they *could* be themselves. When we were just about ready to leave, Charles Strout (you remember Charles Strout . . . my Freshman English instructor?) walked into the bar and deposited himself in a corner where he could watch the young people dance.

"Say," Larry said, "see the guy who just walked in?"

"Ya, he's my English teacher. I knew he was"

"Ya, and he's got a thing for chicken."

"I knew that too."

"Listen, stay away from him. I went out with him when I was a junior. We ended up at his apartment. He talked me into putting on some black tights and a white ruffle shirt and then he put a record of Richard Burton reading Shakespeare on his stereo. He had me turn around in circles at the foot of his bed while he stuck a dildo up his ass and beat himself off"

"Jesus"

"Yeah . . . really"

Well, I never did get to know Charles Strout very well. I did see him at the chicken bar in Denver when I was a sophomore. He sided up to me and began to tell me about the incredible beauty of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* and I had visions of myself dressed in a dainty chiffon skating skirt, hopping around his bedroom and acting out the part of Puck . . . the fairy. But, I gracefully left him to himself and his passionate love of Shakespeare and walked across the dance floor to a tall, blond-headed, blue-eyed beauty named Bobby

Bobby and I got to know each other very well during the summer after my sophomore year. But, that is another story altogether.

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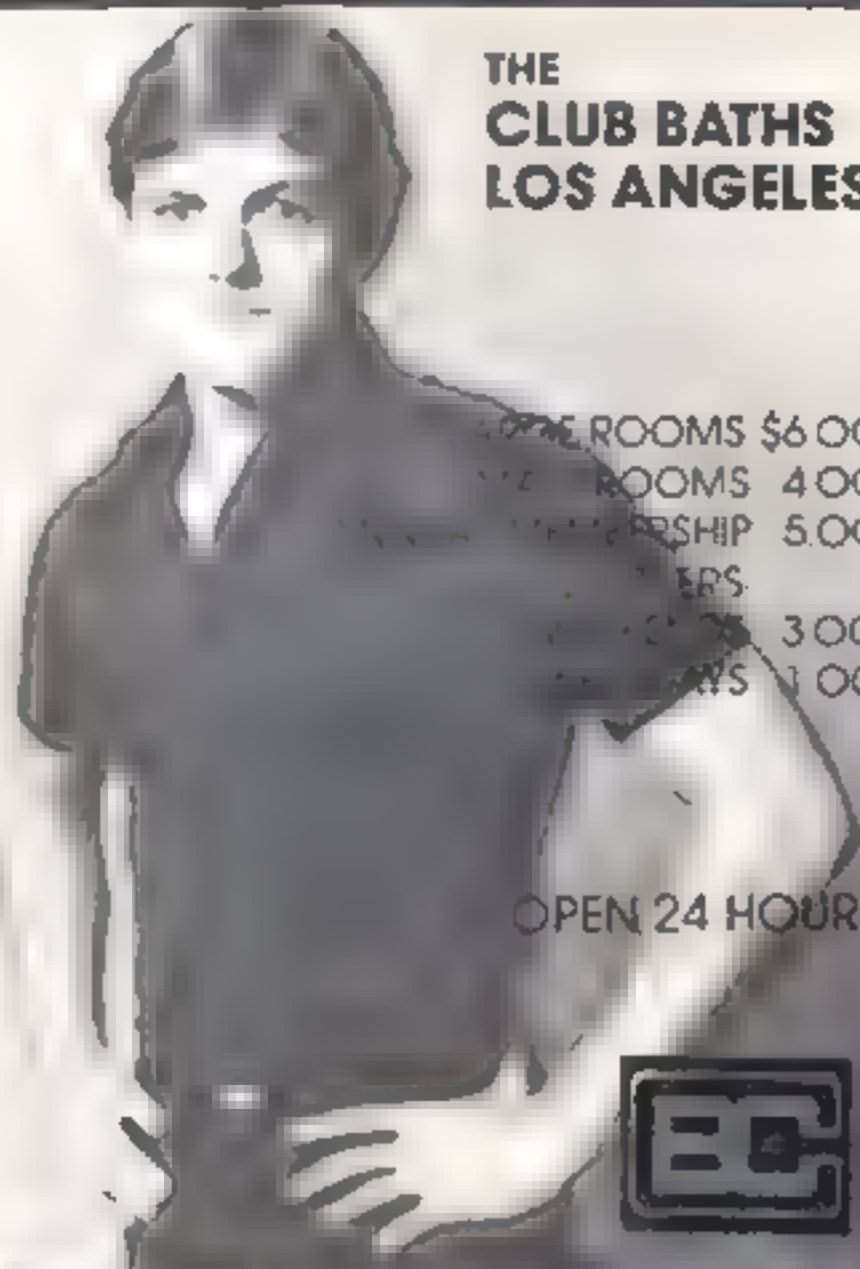
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HOUSTON

Space and energy—they're more than major industries in Texas' fastest-growing city: they represent the attitude of Houston's burgeoning gay community and the men on these pages who live in it

By Bill Whiting

In every age of America's history there has been a city that epitomized the era; in colonial America it was Philadelphia; in the post-World War II period Los Angeles held the distinction; in the late 1970's and beyond, the city is and will be Houston, the city of the energy crisis. Only dynamic Houston, located where the great southern pine forests meet the Gulf Coastal Plains of South Texas, contains all the elements of urban life in America of the late Twentieth Century.

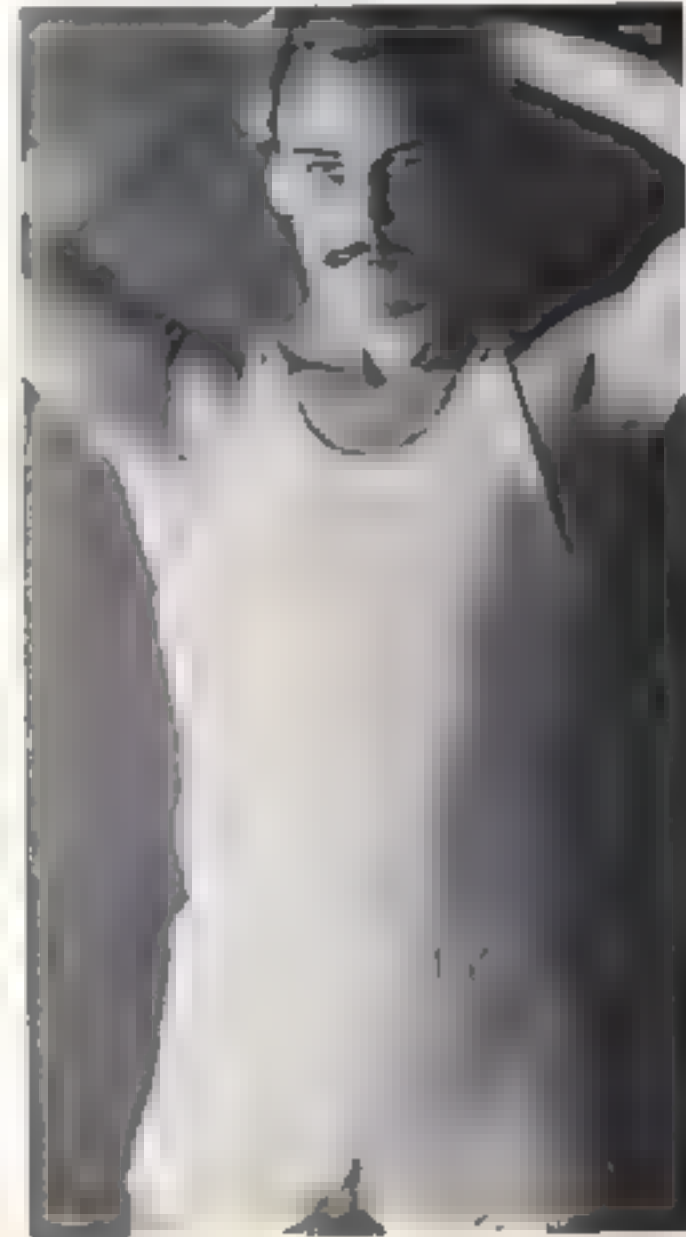
True, Houston looks in many ways no different from any of the dozen or so cities that grew up in the image of Los Angeles following the Second World War, but on closer examination the differences become obvious. First of all, the city's economy is based on energy—the single most important concern of contemporary America. A

short drive down any of a several downtown streets will put you in the shadows of the national or international corporate headquarters of the largest of this nation's energy (that is read "oil," though their holdings in non-petroleum energy sources are increasing rapidly) firms. Exxon, Shell, Texaco, Gulf, and Pennzoil are only a few.

Secondly, an attempt to negotiate the city's freeway system puts even the casual observer in mind of the deepening energy crisis in which we find ourselves. Drivers jump from lane to lane without regard for safety, courtesy, or the speed limit, aptly symbolizing our own national race headlong toward petroleum depletion without a national energy policy. Probably the most important thing to remember about Houston's freeways is that A. J. Foyt learned to drive on them, and a number of

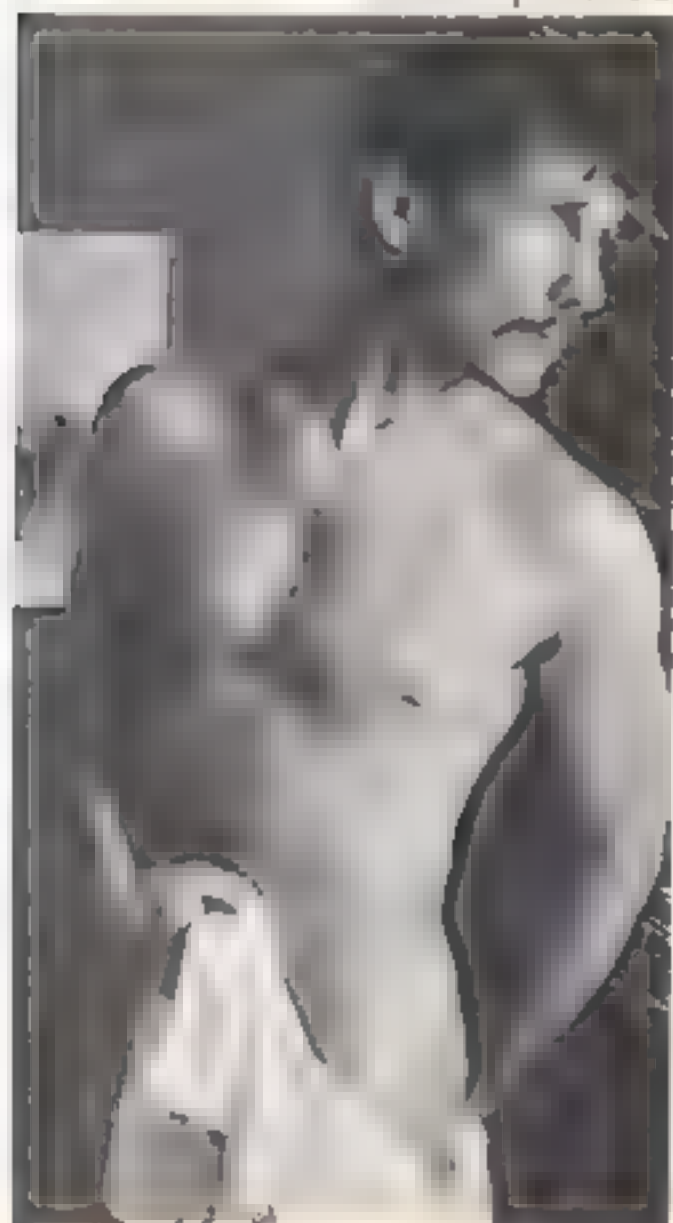
the locals think they are at the Indy 500 every time they enter.

So be careful if you decide to drive when you get to town, as you undoubtedly will do because of the third criterion setting Houston off from the remainder of the post-war cities—i.e. the growth of multiple city centers. Houston is a city that has not one but a number of downtowns; whether you are in the traditional city center, in the amazing Galleria—where you might just run into the president of France or Egypt, the Empress of Iran, or perhaps some local oilman in town to do a little shopping before hopping onto the jet to go home—in the uptown area where Joe Louis or the Duchess of Windsor are frequent visitors to the medical complex (which boasts both Michael DeBakey and Denton Cooley, world renowned heart specialists), or in





The Men of Houston photos by Ken Towle



any of a half-dozen other urban centers within the city, you will experience a city unlike any other in the entire United States — Houston, queen city of the Sun Belt.

Did I say queen city? Well, actually, that is just what Houston has come to be. In recent years a substantial number of the 5000 people who move to Houston each month have been gay. Recent estimates by both gay and straight authorities have placed Houston's gay population between 250,000 and 300,000 making it one of the four largest gay cities in the United States. Most of Houston's overtly gay residents live in an area near the city's center known as The Montrose. This formerly elegant neighborhood has over the years been home to a number of the better known men our nation has produced: Howard Hughes (his home is now part of the University of Saint Thomas campus and his grave is nearby in the beautiful old Glenwood Cemetery on Washington Ave. — a good place for a picnic lunch during the 10 months of summer that Houston usually experiences), Walter Cronkite, and even Clark Gable (he was a plumber when he lived on Hopkins St.)

Currently Montrose is the area of the city most likely to harbor the nightclubs, galleries, museums, parks, and street corners you will want to visit while here. Wherever you happen to plan on playing during your visit to Houston, be sure to dress appropriately — that is T-shirt and cut-offs in most cases. About the only time you will not be dressed this casually is when you attend the performances of the local ballet or opera in Jones Hall. These nationally known and respected companies have for the past three years been in the forefront of America's cultural scene. The Houston Grand Opera has given Broadway its biggest hits in 1976 and 1977 and is currently touring the nation with a new *Hello Dolly* starring Carol Channing. The ballet has featured Gwen Verdon as well as creating and producing *Caliban*, a critically acclaimed rock ballet based on Shakespeare's *The Tempest*.

When gay people come to Houston for a visit they always want to know where they can go to have an enjoyable evening with people of their own kind. Fortunately, there are a multitude of places to go and gay things to do. Before we begin our brief tour of Energy City's gay playgrounds there is a word of warning that should be given. In addition to all the wonderful entertainments available, Houston also boasts

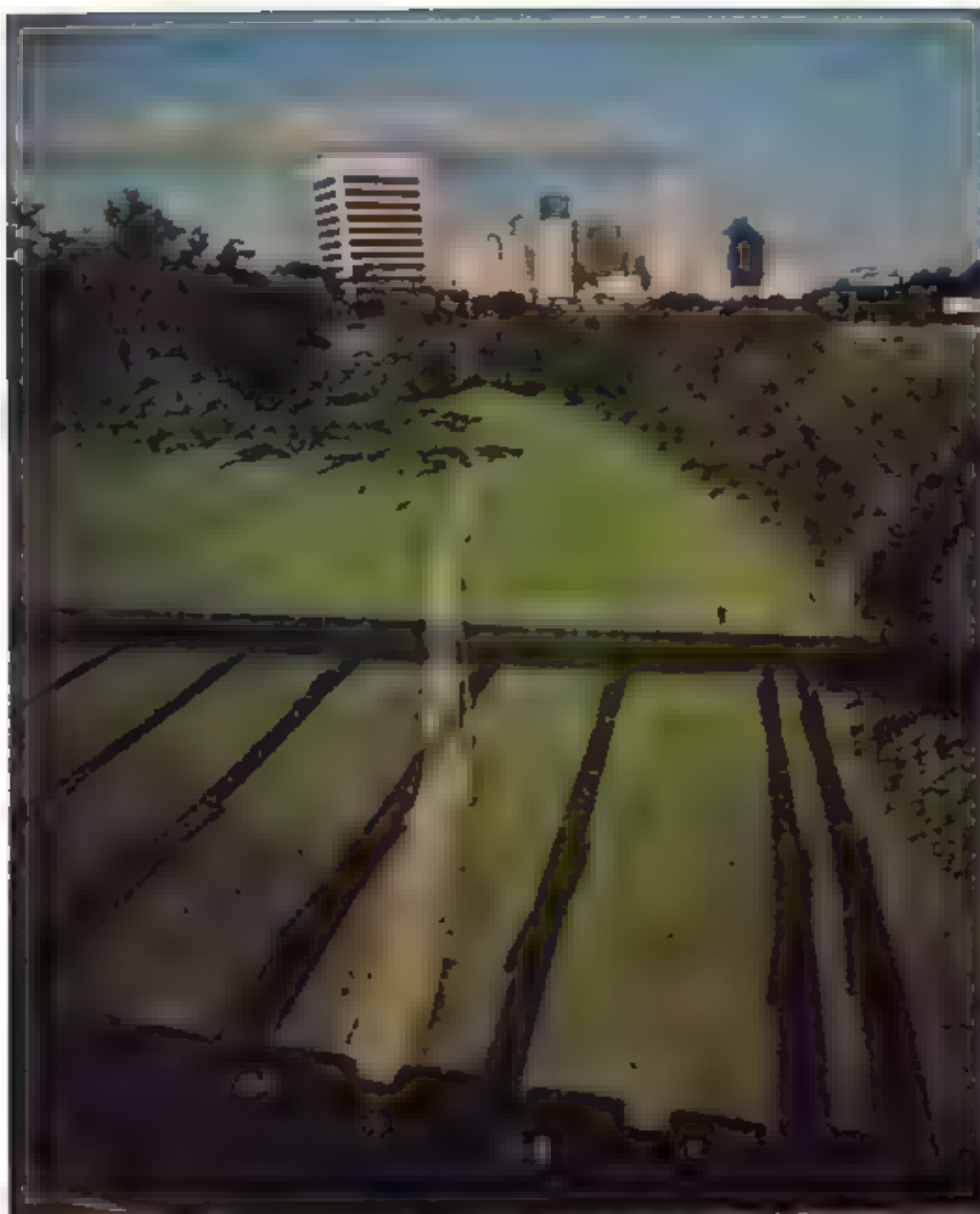


Glass towers reflect one another endlessly in the canyons of Houston streets

Photo by Ken Towles



Houston bars (shown above is the Silver Bullet before its fire) offer something for everyone



Bicycle trails — this one on Buffalo Bayou — let local gays combine exercise and fun

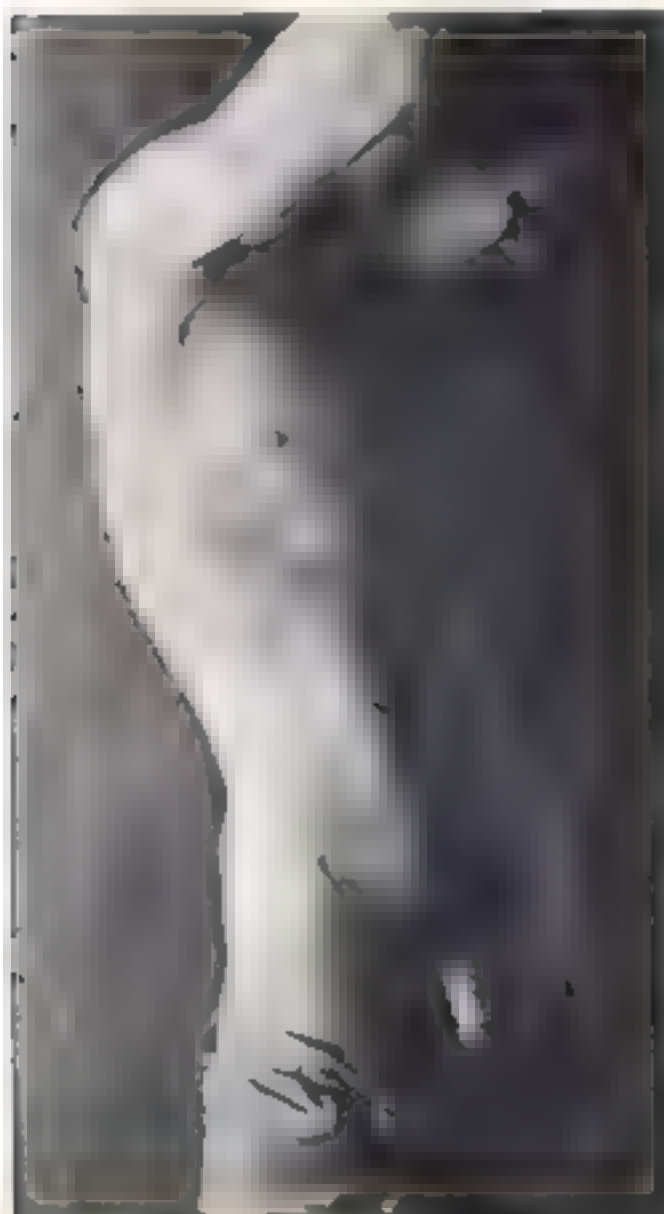
a police force that is, to put it mildly, not exactly pro-gay. So just be careful, and if you go to one of the numerous movie arcades and find that long tall cowboy you were looking for, just be sure you choose a booth with a lockable door and then lock it. If, on the other hand, you find him in one of our famous backroom bars, go somewhere else or you may find that the two of you get a tour of Police Headquarters from the inside

Since "gotta dance" has been the middle name of every gay man I have ever met, I suppose the proper place to begin this short tour is in the biggest disco in the city. The Old Plantation (2020 Kipling) is easily the oldest and most successful dance bar around here. It features a large, easily viewed dance floor and several bars all in one level as well as a crowd of people which is one of the best-looking groups you will find anywhere. Just around the corner is The Cove (2920 S. Shepherd) a fifties deco dance palace with big weekend crowds of people from all sections of the city

Cuddles (4714 S. Main), over on the other side of the Montrose, is the other large disco club in Houston. It is a multi-level playhouse which includes not only dancing and games, but a boutique, giant TV, and fabulous light shows. The other popular disco is the Midnite Sun (534 Westheimer) on restaurant row. The people here are generally young or looking for someone

(continued on page 96)

Photo by Ken Towles



SATURDAY NIGHT TRICK

Illustration by L. Denson-Douglas

Fiction by Ward Michaels



I picked him up in one of those long, narrow bars that everybody hits at some point on a Saturday evening. He was short and looked about thirty...well, maybe forty, but I couldn't really tell for sure. I had never seen him before. What attracted me most was the neatly shaped Van Dyke beard and mustache and the twinkle in his light blue eyes under curly Scottish-looking brows.

As we climbed the stairs to my small apartment, I could tell that my conquest had apparently had quite a bit to drink. He staggered, and I had to hold his elbow to guide him up the steps. All the while, he hummed and mumbled some song in a foreign language that I couldn't recall ever hearing before.

Once we got inside my place, he looked around. "Nice room," he said, and promptly passed out. Since I had not brought him home just to sleep off his booze, I immediately took advantage of the situation. Hauling him up onto the sofa, I unbuttoned his colorful shirt. Beneath it was an extremely hairy chest, just the kind that turns me on. He grunted a couple of times as I eased the shirt off over his shoulders but did not wake up. It was a struggle, but before long I had him stripped to the waist.

Next, I unbuckled the wide belt and unzipped his pants. Opening them into a wide Vee I discovered to my surprise that was even hairier below the waist than he was above. His lower belly was so fuzzy, in fact, that he looked as if he were wearing fur underwear. The hair was stiff and prickly to the touch, definitely not the kind you love to cuddle up to on a cold winter night.

I tried to pull off one of his high cowboy boots. When it resisted my efforts, I gave a terrific jerk that landed me flat on my butt, the boot in my hand. When I looked up at my still-sleeping friend, I could hardly believe my eyes! He had a peg leg, or so it appeared. That struck me as odd, because he had not limped on the way home from the bar, just staggered a little.

I crawled over to the couch to get a closer look at what should have been his foot. Attached to his very hairy ankle was a shiny black hoof, like a deer's.

All the stories I have ever heard about the devil swam through my mind. I blinked and looked again. The hoof was still there. Fascinated, I removed his other boot. Sure enough, there was another hoof, black and polished to match the first.

Now there was no stopping me. If I had picked up Satan himself in a gay bar, just the way Mother had warned me, I might as well know it. With a good deal of work, I pulled off his trousers and stood up to look him over. His penis was large and nestled up tight to his belly like a dog's, the big gonads snugged against its base. The whole assembly was as hairy as the rest of him. He also had the skinniest legs I've ever seen, and his knees bent the wrong direction. All in all, from the waist down he was weird, and that's an understatement.

Just then, he opened his eyes. Blinking sleepily, he pushed his fuzzy brows back out of them and stared up at me. Then he looked down the length of his body.

"Oh, dear," he sighed. "You weren't supposed to see me like this."

"I'm sorry," was all I could think to answer.

The man grinned sheepishly. "Usually I can manage to get through the whole night without actually taking my pants off. I suppose you're upset. They usually are the first time they see me naked." He sat up, still weaving a bit from the liquor.

"Shocked is more the word." Suddenly feeling unsteady myself, I backed into a chair.

"And full of questions, I'll wager," he said, the twinkle returning to his eye.

I shook my head dumbly, still trying to figure out what he was. I've read and heard plenty about birth defects, but never anything like this.

"Well," he said, "Since you've caught me, I suppose I might as well tell you the whole story, but it's a long one. I'll need a drink."

I got up mechanically and went to the kitchen, returning five minutes later with two whiskey-and-waters. By now, my guest was curled up on the couch with his feet, or hooves, tucked under him. He accepted the drink with a smile. I sat down again, not letting my eyes leave him for fear he would vanish in a puff of smoke.

"Well, for starters," he said, grinning, "I'm a satyr. Do you know what that is?"

I shook my head slowly. "Yes, it's something like a nymphomaniac, only male; a guy who thinks about nothing but screwing."

"No, no, no! That's the psychologists' term for a human who's supposedly obsessed with sex. Humans have absolutely no concept of what true obsession is. I do. I'm the real

McCoy, a satyr."

"But there's no such thing. They're mythological."

He snorted. "You're all alike. You dismiss all kinds of beings as myths, just because you've never seen them. Narrow-minded, that's what I call it, and pretty damn self-centered in the bargain. It might interest you to know that there are a number of creatures on this planet who do not believe in humans, simply because they haven't seen one either. The whole thing's silly!"

I crossed my eyes and opened them again. He was still there, as hairy as ever.

"All right," I said, "Suppose for a moment that you really are a satyr. What are you doing here?"

He sighed and took a long drink. "I told you it was a long story. To begin with, I was the same as all the others of my kind, at least I thought I was. I chased nymphs, just like my father and grandfather and every other satyr from the beginning of time. Greece was beautiful in those days, all green hills and deep valleys with blankets of fog tucked into them, and waterfalls echoing through quiet woodland glens. Gorgeous, absolutely gorgeous. Something like that Walt Disney movie. I forget the name."

"Anyway, like I say, I spent most of my time in high rut. Then, after a little while, probably three or four hundred years, I discovered I wasn't as good at raping nymphs as the others were. My heart simply wasn't in it. Some days I only ravished about ten of them, hardly a token effort. I used to have to lie to the others about it. Then the nymphs got to giggling to one another about me. It was terrible."

"I can imagine," I said, trying to keep a straight face.

"My father even took me aside in a secluded meadow and gave me a little lecture about how I ought to go out and find myself a virgin. It wasn't very effective, though. He had trouble relating. He couldn't identify with a son who didn't want to spend all his time screwing. Poor Dad. I was such a disappointment to him."

"Then one day something happened that changed my life. I was gamboling down one of my favorite mountainsides, dodging the dew drops, when I came upon this shepherd boy, sound asleep. He was beautiful, like no one I had ever seen before, with long golden hair. Most Greeks are brunets, you know. It was sunny, and he had put aside his tunic to work on a tan. His young body was smooth and almost

now. You're half animal!"

The satyr threw back his head, roaring with laughter. "I've heard that one before. Where's your sense of adventure. Man? Where's your love of fantasy? It might interest you to know that here are a lot of males roaming this planet who lament that I'm half human."

"I'm not into that," I said firmly crossing my legs.

His hooves touched the carpet, and he looked as if he were getting ready to spring. I tried to think of a way to defend myself if I had to.

"Come on," he purred. "Every man dreams of making it with a tiger, and I assure you I won't disappoint you."

When I still refused, he shook his head sadly, his eyebrows forming a brooding shelf. "Prejudice is a terrible thing, whatever form it takes. Your not wanting to go to bed with me is as silly as the old belief that satyrs are limited to nymphs. You should try fighting that one sometime."

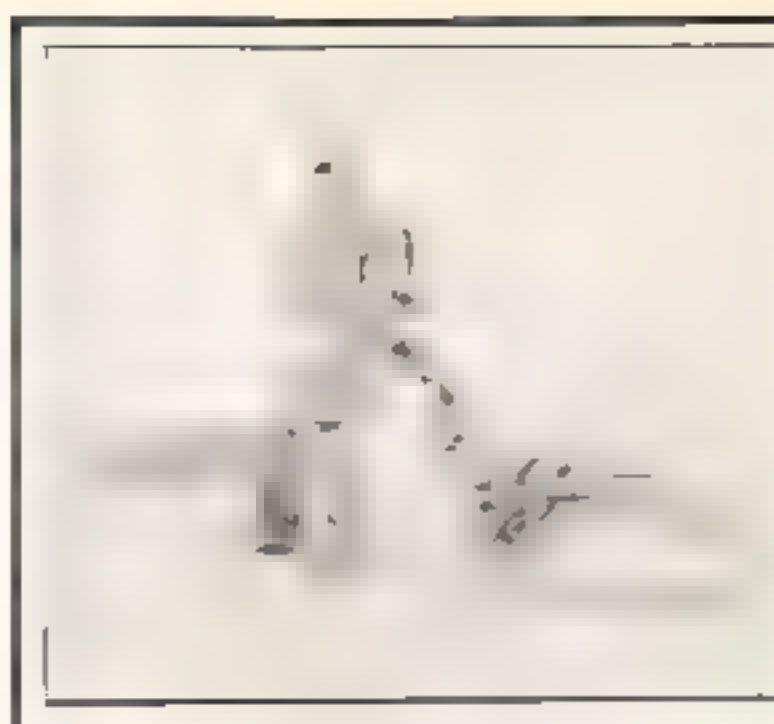
"I'm sorry," I said, admitting to myself that what he said did make some sense.

The satyr sat back and grinned at me. "It's a pity, you know. You really are missing the chance of several lifetimes. We satyrs did not gain our legendary reputation without good reason. Many men have had the vision to see that—men like DaVinci, Caravaggio, and Aubrey Beardsley to name a few. Why I know all the tricks that can take a man to heaven, to quote an old cliché."

Looking extremely pleased with himself, the satyr flicked out his tongue and licked his unruly eyebrows back into place.

It turned out to be one of the most memorable nights of my life.

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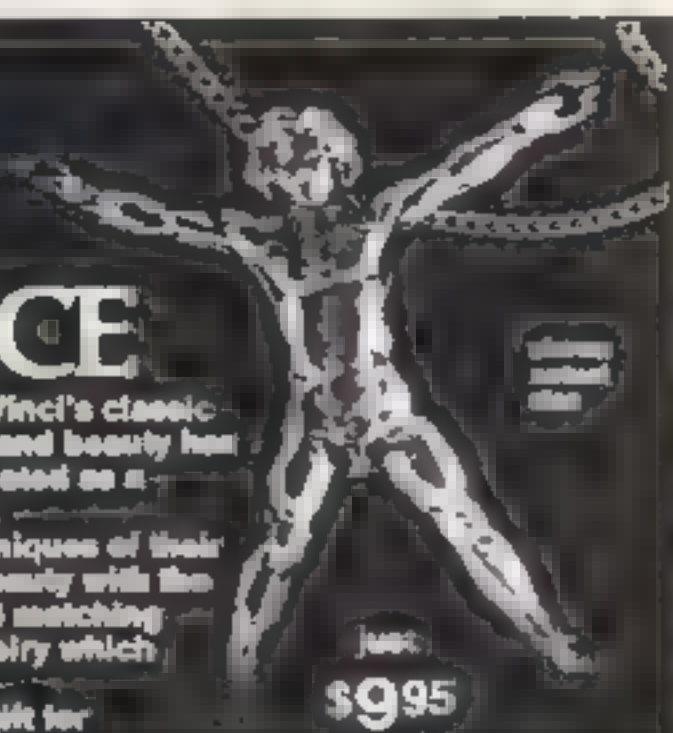


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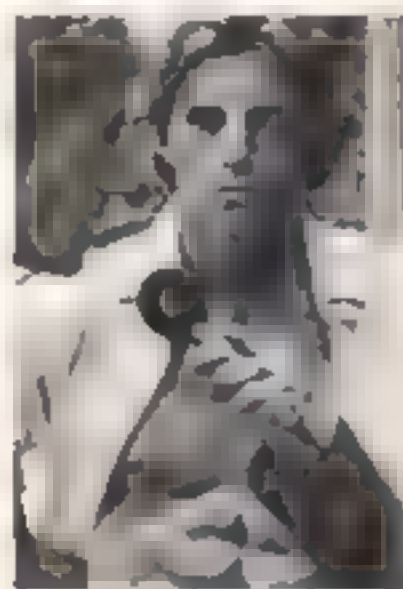
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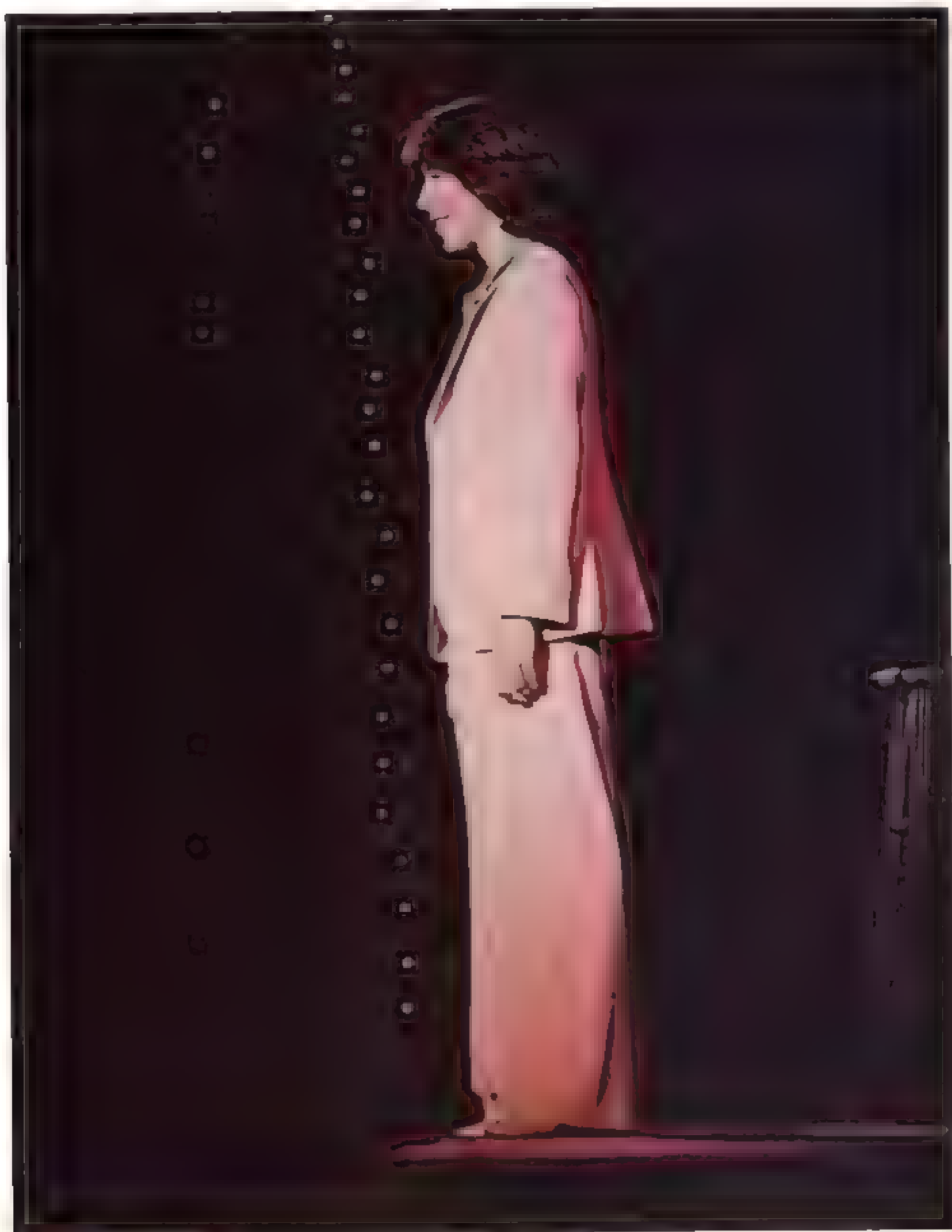
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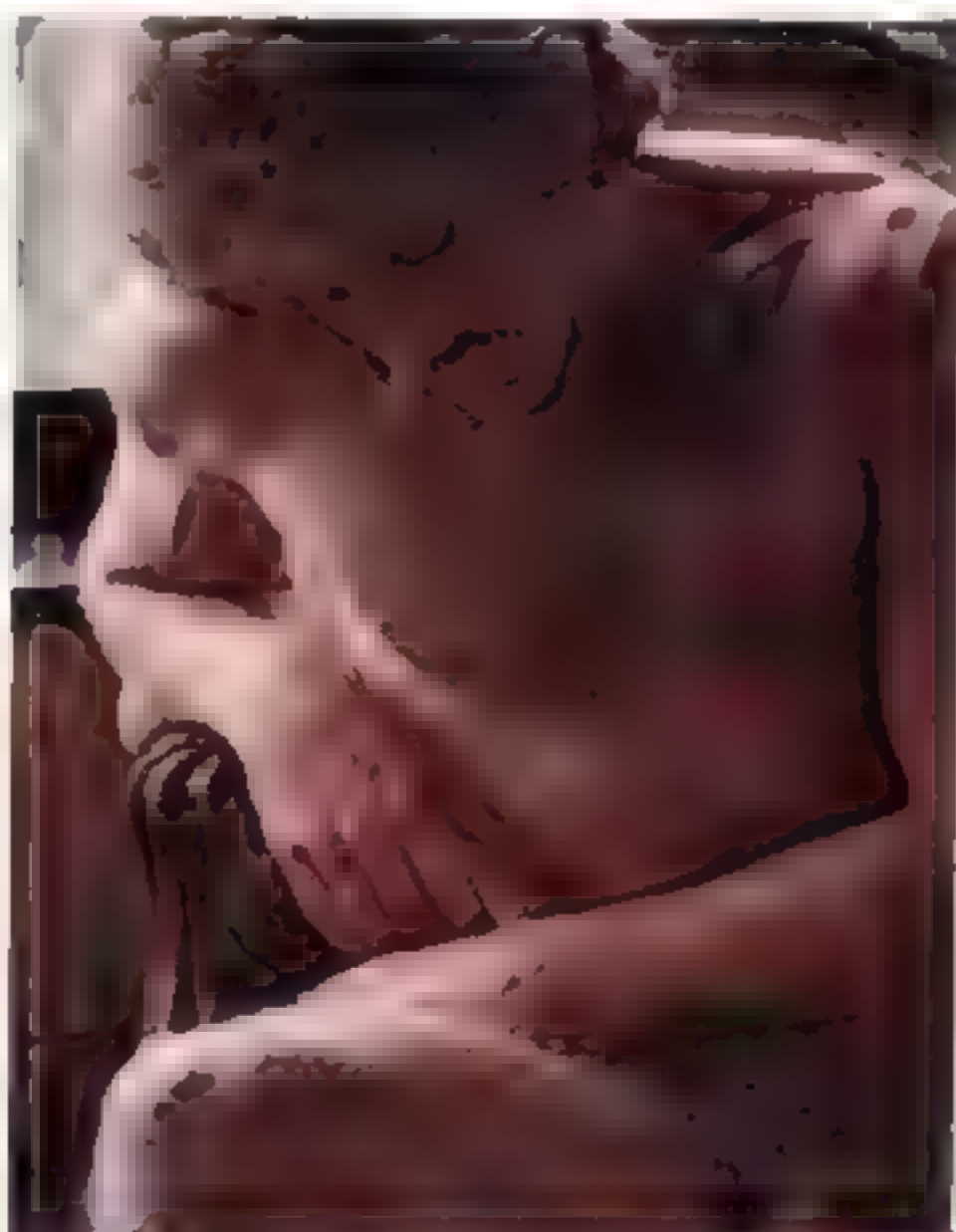
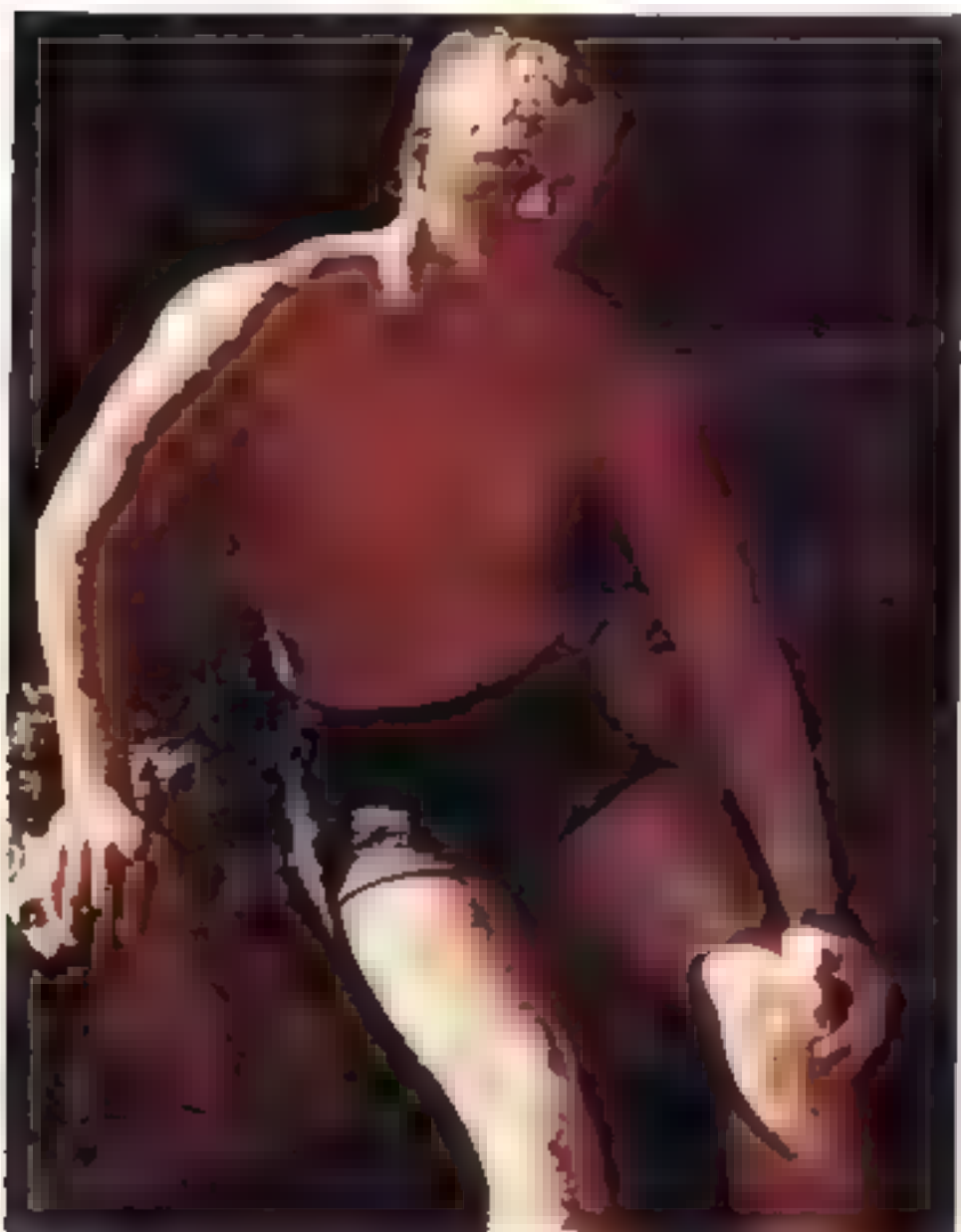
His People and Images



"Gays have always had an eye for aesthetic beauty — that's why photography is such a viable art form for gays." So says Charles Adams, whose talented lens has



captured a wide range of celebrities (from Lily Tomlin and Linda Carter to Bette Midler) and personalities (from President Carter to U.N. Ambassador Andrew



Young) to some of the sexiest models in the business. "I like beautiful and exciting people," Charles says, and his work shows it.



COMING
NEXT

IN TOUCH

THE FIRST TIME

(continued from page 25)

Ted's horseplay and all our silliness, of course, there were deeper feelings. Ted was somebody who seemed to respond to me with special warmth. It felt good just being with him.

"We would drink a lot of beer in those days, which seemed to be the only way we could really get close to each other. One night, back from a round of drinking, we ended up in each others' arms on one of the beds on the fraternity's sleeping porch. We kept our clothes on, but I had an orgasm just from rubbing against Ted and holding him. Not long after that, when we were sleeping in the annex, we found ourselves on the bed in my room.... Just lying on the bed holding each other

"Ted was always receptive to my caresses and often would encourage me with a word, a look or a gesture that I naturally understood. I always had an orgasm.... At first, Ted liked me to simulate heterosexual intercourse with our clothes still on. Later we did get around to taking our clothes off before we 'passed out' in bed together, especially when we went to a motel. I was ready to do more than just rubbing and holding him. I had had fantasies about oral sex for several years.... After a while I was able to have oral sex with Ted, but he never could with me. What he liked most was helping me 'get off,' watching me have an orgasm."

ROD MCKUEN

(Rod McKuen rightfully refuses to be sexually typed, and his "search for identity," as reported in *Finding My Father*—Berkley, New York, touches on a variety of sexual experiences in both prose and poetry.)

"In the summer while things were slow on the ranches, a few of us worked as spotters and forest rangers. It was during one summer that I met Leonard. He must have been six-foot-plus, husky blond, probably older-looking than he was. He might have been between five and ten years older than me. We became friends.

"Leonard had been everywhere, bummed on freight trains, herded cattle and worked in rodeos. On night watch he'd tell me stories so vividly I could easily picture myself as Leonard, living them out. I suppose, in looking back, I wanted more than anything to be Leonard. Not just his friend, but him.... He

Photo by James Williams

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was always the one who stood up for me when the older men on the ranch tried to push extra work off on me, hassle me, or make me the butt of their humor

"Leonard might have been a monk, but he liked moving in the mainstream and no experience was alien to him....I guess Leonard and I had been playing games, and that at my age I should have long ago given up kid games—I must have been nearly thirteen then. But Leonard used to say to me that he was my brother, my uncle, and that, yes, he would be my father until I found the one I was looking for

*I try to play as many games
as games there are*

*To lie a little's not so bad
if it gets you through the night.*

"Leonard got me through so many nights. We were friends, yes. He was my father, yes. We even experimented sex together....I'm not ashamed to admit I must have loved him. On the contrary, I'm pleased to be able to finally say it out loud

*I do not lament
the loss of innocence,
the gain was payment
far beyond imagining
And innocence
is not too much to give
to one who'd give you back
the world*

JOHN RECHY

(Author John Rechy has methodically couched his personal history in quasifictional terms. When contacted for a contribution to this report, he tried his best to cooperate but ultimately had to admit defeat)

"Jerry, I honestly don't remember the very first time I had what you call 'reciprocal sex' with another guy. You see, with me it was such an evolution, a development, for Christ's sake. First there was the hustling, with no reciprocating on my part. Then the non-hustling experiences, but still with me not reciprocating. Finally, gradually, the time came when I did begin to reciprocate. But there's no way I could pinpoint one specific experience for you

"I'm really very sorry, but good luck on the piece"

JACK WRANGLER

(Master media manipulator and hardcore superstar Jack Wrangler chose to focus on "the first time" he had a sexual relationship that was important and meaningful to him, as opposed to the quickies and

orgies that he has talked and written about so graphically in the past)

"It was my freshman year at college and I had this big thing about milk—regular milk, especially chocolate milk. I was like Pat Boone after he got religion, and I had that too. Milk was really a very heavy compulsion—just drinking it, not doing anything weird with it. I'd go through about 6 to 8 cartons a day

"There was this guy, Nick, Italian, very Roman-looking, who I'd seen around campus a lot, even had a few classes with him. He was my other compulsion, but he didn't know it at the time. I mean, I never have much trouble going up to a guy I dig and gradually working the conversation around to his bed or mine, but this guy was different. I was feeling something here, more than my usual basic thoughts, and I didn't know how to handle it

"Anyway, I was having lunch one day with homogenized milk cartons stacked around me (plus chocolate for s when Nick came into the room and straight up to the milk machine: my secret idol meeting my metal shrine. He put a quarter into the machine, pushed the button, and nothing happened. He stood there a second, pushed the button again, still nothing. Then he pushed all the other buttons, including chocolate, and the coin returned but the machine just wasn't putting out for him


"He looked at it, suddenly faced with a challenge then stepped back and threw his shoulder at the machine. There was a loud crash, his mechanical enemy teetered, and my eyes widened as milk cartons started flying out of its metal mouth by the dozens. He'd hit the jackpot. It sounded like a Las Vegas slot machine payoff with big coins. All that milk and all that Nick! He crawled around on the floor scooping up the cartons as they still kept coming

"This was too much for me. I jumped up from my chair and practically hurdled the table to get to him, introduced myself, explained my milk thing, and offered to help in any way I could

"There was no question as to whose apartment we would go to—his had a bigger refrigerator. We drank the milk and each other and became lovers for three years. We're still great friends, but my passion for milk, even chocolate milk, finally cooled down. However, if you've got any Johnny Walker Black Label Scotch around

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introducing Scott Hampton

Though IN TOUCH caught up with the talented Scott Hampton at the popular Orlando Gallery (17037 Ventura Blvd., Encino, CA), he spends most of his time working on and with a review called "Club Bohemia," which Scott is both producing and directing. "Club Bohemia," currently playing in L.A. but going on tour shortly, is the outgrowth of Scott's one-man nightclub act, "Pubes Puppet Show," for which he designed and built the sets, costumes, and puppets. A 23-year-old Sagittarius, Scott leads a disciplined lifestyle, which includes working out every day and thinking positive at all times. "I plan to be successful in anything I try," Scott says, simply, and then excuses himself to get back to work to make his plans come true.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD SULLIVAN









In Touch For Me



Target Studios cordially invites you to participate in the unveiling
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At last, the long-awaited second issue of Ramrod is ready, and this time we decided to explore the legend of the American cowboy. So we packed off **Will Rogers**, **John Colby** and our new discovery **Peter Bolt** to the wilds of Arizona to bring you this dazzling display of erotic Americana. We don't really know if this is the way it was in the good old days, but we do know that the expression "when men were men" certainly applies to these three hunky specimens. We've gone all out to create the most spectacular production of any magazine ever. This edition is 8 1/2" X 11", 52 pages including 18 pages of glorious color with a center gatefold that makes a great color poster. We printed the magazine on an elegant heavyweight glossy stock and laminated the cover for added sheen and durability, a trend we started with Javelin #3. So join our three intrepid studs in a lusty adventure you'll come back to again and again.

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The Gyno-Gay Cult

by Jeff Watkins

Is it just a coincidence that every "popular" book (among straights, that is) dealing with male homosexuality just happens to be written by a woman?



Apollo and Diana, by Jacopo de' Barbari

THE
PERSIAN
BOY
MARY
RENAULT

Gay publications everywhere have insisted for the last few years that the modern world is entering a 'gay renaissance,' joined in friendly chorus by any number of liberal magazines. They cite increased cultural awareness and acceptance in everything from how many gay jokes Wayne Newton does in his act to the number of lavender feathers in Bella Abzug's cap.

Times, they have changed... or have they, really? Western culture's most profound gauges of lasting social change are inevitably its great literary achievements. Though hacks may still cast that 'mincing faggot' as their arch-villain, over the last few decades leveler heads (and greater talents) have taken more level stands. Lillian Hellman made an Ibsen-like theatrical explosion with *The Children's Hour* and its closeted lesbian relationship. Resembling literary autobiography, Radclyffe Hall's *The Well of Loneliness* raised the gay bar scene to a mytho-poetic level. And Mary Renault assures us that Alexander wouldn't have been anywhere near as great without *The Persian Boy*.

Ms. Renault will probably go down as one of the great gay novelists in history; not by being personally gay, but through incorporating gay relationships in her tales as effortlessly and naturally as she does straight ones. Antiquity serves as her canvas most often; the Athens of Plato and Socrates or the Persia of Alexander. She sounds the depths of timeless human love and spiritual truth. In *The Last of the Wine* two young Athenian soldiers live and love together under the approving eyes of Socrates, one of the world's great teachers. Their feelings are as deep, their problems as great, their sacrifices as painful and their rewards as rich as any married couple of the past or the present. Their love, not strange or outcast, is a fertile natural bond whose essence is the soul of the novel. Even more open about its gay hero, *The Mask of Apollo* weaves a meticulous description of classical Greek theater into the warp and woof of brutal politics. Plato's desperate struggle for his ideal government and our hero's love for his young protege

But in *The Middle Mist* our time

reference remains solidly in this century. A young, rather dim little English girl runs away from home to land in the middle of her elder sister's lesbian marriage. The tone, as in all the Renault opus, is natural and cool-headed. Without being preached to or coerced, the reader comes away comfortable with same-sex love — in fact, fond of it.

Mary Renault's masterpiece remains *The Persian Boy*. Anyone who wonders why history makes so much of Alexander the Great need only glance at this gigantic tapestry of ancient spectacle. The greatest general of all time, a soldier who used war as productive social cement and organized the largest single area ever conquered by one man, was also gay. His two lovers, one a high-ranking general in his army, the other the Persian boy liberated from Darius, King of Persia, are described at length as the individuals with whom Alexander shared his physical and spiritual love. A man who sustained millions of soldiers in the field with his love, Alexander, though married to women, gave his heart to men.

With the wide success of these novels and others more recent, it might seem that indeed today's world is more open than ever before to homophile culture.

But look at the authors — they're all women.

Why? And why should it matter? At the risk of a kind of reverse chauvinism, it would seem that homosexuality is alright to praise so long as it's done by a woman. The peculiar sideways logic here subconsciously enforced by the literary world dictates that women may broach these subjects, even inflate them into classics... but not men. True, D.H. Lawrence's *The Fox* is a ground-breaking work. But again, the subject is lesbianism. Had he dabbled with a real male relationship as Ken Russell suggests he might have been doing in *Women in Love*, suspicions of a 'gyno-gay' cult would be dampened. But accepted literary practice hint at a furtive suppression that has sneaked out to throttle half of the world's writers. Let the women do it.

Why does *Playboy* run spread after spread of naked bunnies necking or wrestling together, while *Playgirl* has gone so far as to take men off their cover completely? Ever seen a pair of those hot studs getting it on in that magazine? Is the implication that it is alright for women, but not men?

The gyno-gay cult, a mythos of stereotyped thinking has allowed on-

What has given the gyno-gay cult its force is the same set of counter-survival moral strictures that hamstringed the entire sexual revolution. These insist that the male dominate and the female submit, and domination, wrongly perceived as control, is labeled the 'superior' position. Thus women naturally 'give in.' That is what they're supposed to do. If giving in means writing gay novels, then women will do it. This grotesque stereotype insists that men may not explore this side of their nature as it would place them in the 'inferior,' submissive position, just as participating in actual gay sex would do. Such role-playing lies riddle the publishing world just as surely as they do any number of legislatures, church groups, clubs, campuses and communities. They are all members of the gyno-gay cult. The amplification and application of these and similar myths can certainly be traced to the policies of environmental rape that have scarred our world and blackened our air. To gag the voice of art is just one more way to perpetuate the lie.

The gyno-gay cult softly drones its essentially faulty concepts into unsuspecting ears; women are inferior to men, to be gay is to be weak like a women. The truth is that to be gay means to be strong like a woman, strong like a man, sensitive, loving. To be gay is to appreciate those qualities in other men, other women, and to love them. As long as Mary Renault and all other fine writers pigeonholed by whomever for whatever reasons continue to record that strength and sensitivity, gay or straight, for future generations, they will be greater by far than the largest selling homophobic or the hackest stereotyping hack.

Կանգնեցին իրենց տեղերը:

The Art of

RICHARD
ADKINS



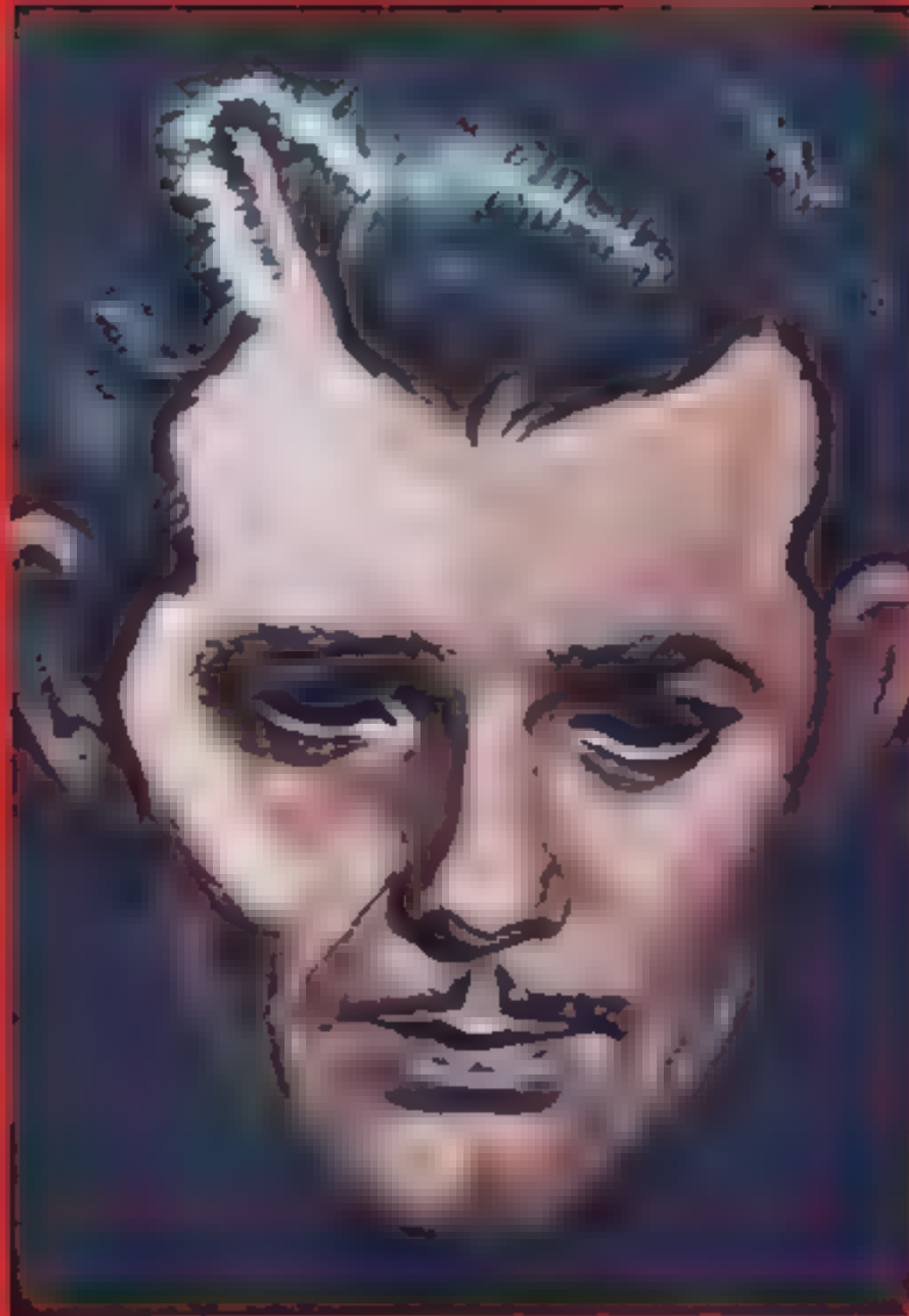
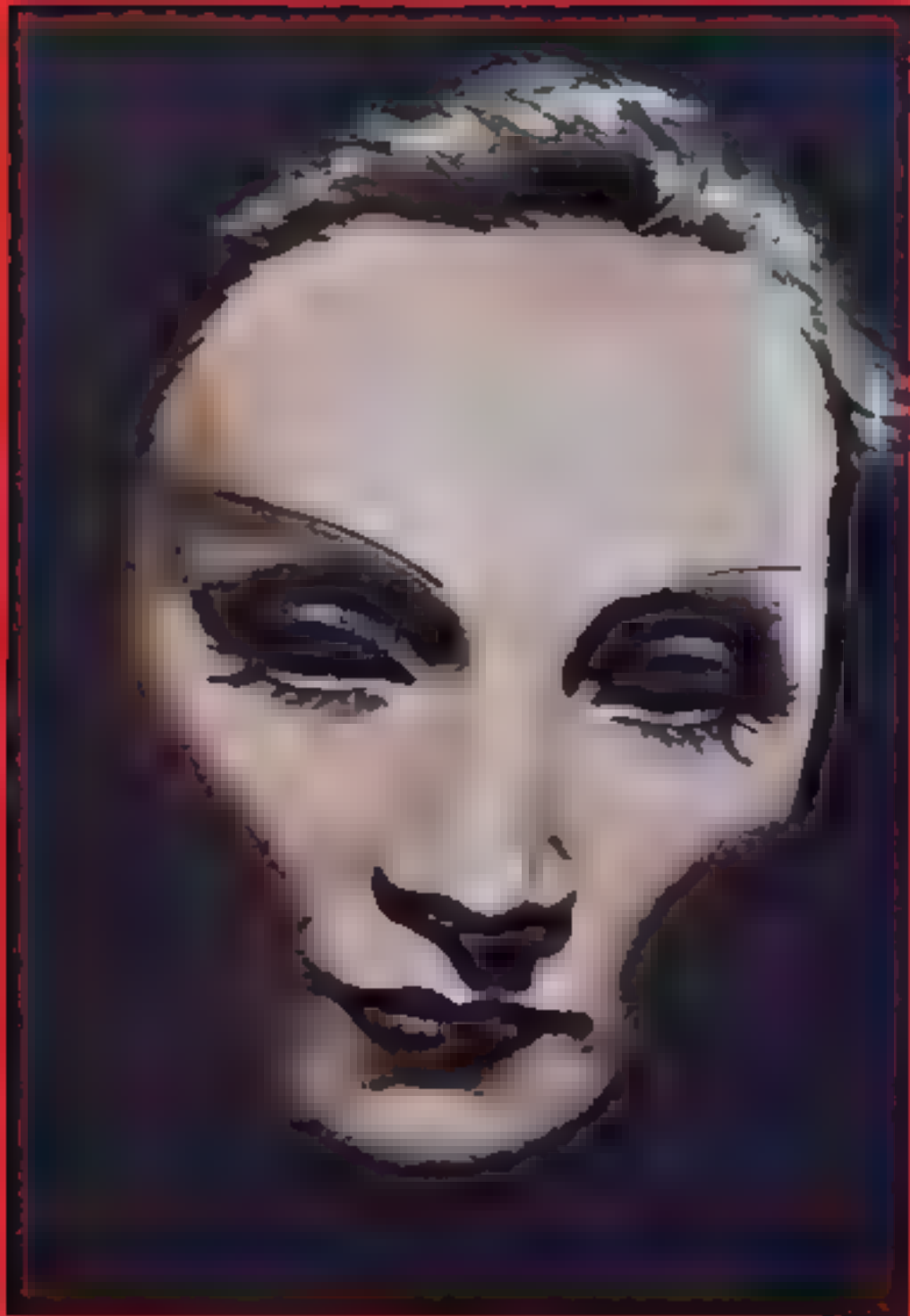
There's sometimes an almost death-mask quality to his work that invariably produces a strong reaction in the viewer. "I'm a 'face reader'" Richard Adkins says. "I choose models on the basis of what I see in their faces — and often, it's not what other people see. As a matter of fact, I'm fascinated by the disparity between how people appear on the outside and what they are really like. So often, the ones who convey the strongest image are the most insecure and unstable within themselves.

"I look for a story behind the image. I often use movie stars as models because people tend to see perfection in them when actually there is chaos.

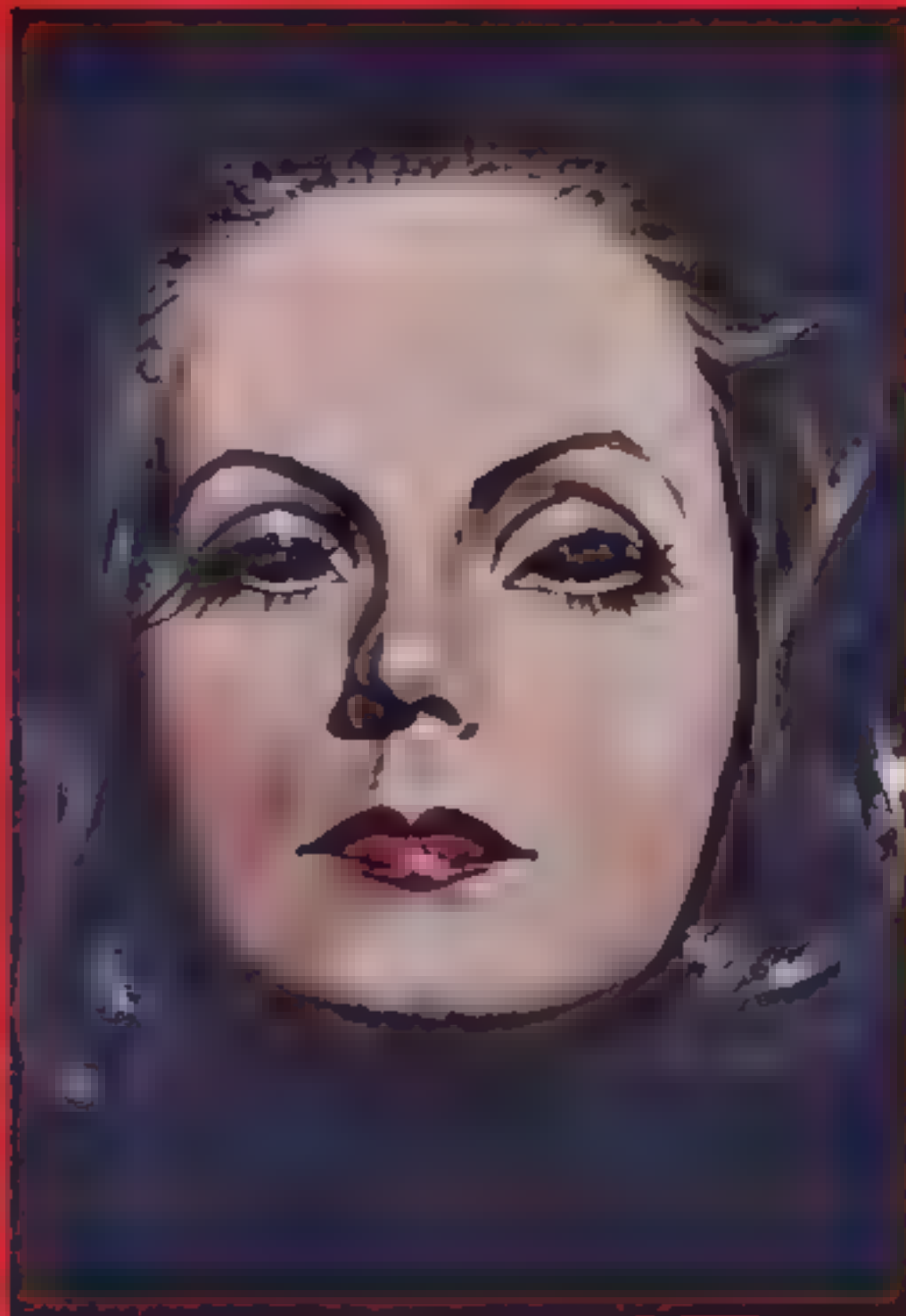
"I paint in acrylics largely because oils take too long, and the colors tend to be too muddy for what I try to convey. I also tend to paint women more often than men because women are more . . . well, temporary. They age so fast and their careers don't seem to last as long. They're recycled quicker by our society."

Though his art is unique, Richard himself represents the wide scope of talent to be found within our wide-spread community — artists who need and appreciate gay support.





Photos by Shay Austin







World Reports

MELBOURNE

Americans in Melbourne, finding summer around November-March, are reminded that Australia is half a world away. Yet in some ways it is reminiscent of California.

When Californian gold in the last century lured thousands to "Go West, Young Man," the west didn't finish at the West Coast. Gold fever on the other side of the Pacific was drawing the ships (if not the covered wagons) to populate the Down Under continent.

Melbourne, a monument to those days, is now settled into a gracious and modern city. Its population (2.8 million) is about the same as Rome or Athens, or Boston or Montreal. Once overwhelmingly British, it is

now the polyglot city of Australia (after Athens and Thessalonika. Melbourne is now the next-largest Greek community in the world). Climate-wise it has low rainfall (25 in.) and hot summers, with a latitude akin to San Francisco, Washington, Lisbon and Tokyo. The U.S. city which it is most often likened in architecture and style is Boston.

For those interested in seeking out the local gay scene, a few suggestions might help. Of the range of parks, beaches, bars, baths, cruising areas and so on, let's start with the local gay bars, generally at the top of gay travel guides for any city. The following are the best in Melbourne.

The Union Hotel, 78 Fenwick St., Carlton. Bars and disco.

The Night-owl Club (or 'University Club'), 100 Collins St., downtown.

Chaps (huge crowds Monday nights), 519 St. Kilda Road.

The Woolshed, downstairs, 266 Collins St., downtown.

Annabelle's, 7 Alfred Place, downtown.

Pokey's, 29 Fitzroy St., Kilda. Sunday night drag cabaret.

The Dover Hotel, 1 Lygon St., Carlton. Thursday night leather/cycle.

The Wayside Inn, 446 City Rd., South Melbourne. Tuesday night, denim and leather.

Bernhardt's, disco coffee lounge, 50 Little Latrobe St., chicken.

Bar hours tend to follow the restricted hours of British public houses, as in all Australian cities. The first three above close at 11.30 except for some nights when closing may be 1, 2, or 4 a.m.

There are about 40 miles of sandy bayside beaches stretching down the bay from Melbourne, of which the closest, South Melbourne and Middle Park, provide the most gay potential. Black Rock beach



Everything's on the rise in Melbourne — and one look at the men Down Under gives you a good idea why

(½ hour) has an active meat-rack though recently set back by police harassment. Good ocean beaches start about an hour out, with some such as Gunnamutta and Bell's Beach renowned for steady surf.

Nude beaches, one for mixed one gay, are at Somers (1¼ hours) though careful directions as to exact location should be sought before setting out.

The best-known exclusively gay sauna is the Caulfield Sauna in Glenhuntly Road, open until 2 a.m. in summer (4 a.m. weekends), a modern well-run establishment, popular and active. Another gay sauna is Spa-Guy (500 Victoria Road Abbotsford), small but intimate. A third is Buechi's (259 Collins St. downtown), mixed (not exclusive) with potential.

Melbourne is known as a city of parks, and naturally this is where much alfresco cruising takes place. The public men's rooms (in local jargon 'bogs' or 'cottages') which are a feature of Australian cities crop up in unexpected places, though these vary in personality and popularity. They luxuriate in splendid names: experts will tell you about the House of Flowers, the State Room, the Crystal Palace, the Spanish Mission, the Gardenia Patch and so on.

Although the law seems about to be changed, probably in 1978, this hasn't happened yet. (Right now there is only one Australian state, South Australia, which has liberalised its sex legislation.) If risks are run anywhere, however, it is in the area of public soliciting. Out of the limelight, things are pretty much the same as anywhere. The local gay activist/welfare group is Society Five, which offers social activities, advice and information from their headquarters at 126 Franklin St., downtown.

For the traveler who has moved 10,000 miles and is not looking for the scene, there's the theater, many fine restaurants, museums, excursions, etc., but that's another story. The other sides of Melbourne.

— Mark Rowan

LONDON

Though it's only early in the year, London has already witnessed what will undoubtedly be the worst play of 1978 — *Spine-chiller* by George Baxt, which opened and closed, with some ap-



The popular American group Gotham takes their zany antics to London May 2-28

pulling notices, at the Duke of York's Theater (St. Martin's Lane London WC2). The play, a highly complicated thriller set backstage in a Broadway theater in the 1950s was all the more disappointing as Baxt is remembered here for a high-camp novel of wit, style and adventurousness: *A Queer Kind of Death*. Star of the production — and struggling bravely — was Sian Phillips (so good as Livia in the television adaptation of *I. Claudius*).

Currently playing to packed houses — and not to be missed — is *Once A Catholic*, a savage comedy by Mary O'Malley (Wyndham's Theater, Charing Cross Road, London WC1). Set, as was *Spinechiller* in the late 1950's, *Once A Catholic* tells the story of a year in the life of three girls in an Irish Catholic convent school in Kilburn (the Irish district of London). The play is extremely funny, thought-provoking and, to some would be shocking.

After a brief tour, and great suc-

cess at the 1977 Chichester Festival N. C. Hunter's 1950s Chekhovian comedy *Waters of the Moon* has opened in London (Haymarket Theater, Haymarket, London SW1). The play stars the luminous Ingrid Bergman as a rich woman stranded on Dartmoor on New Year's Eve and the effect she has on the inhabitants of a small hotel.

Quentin Crisp, who became a media star here after the television film based upon his autobiography *The Naked Civil Servant* was shown here two years ago, brought his one man show, *An Evening With Quentin Crisp*, into the West End (for a limited season at the Duke of York's Theater) after a series of long performances around London and at the Edinburgh Festival. Crisp doesn't perform, he simply addresses himself to his audience. Every sentence and phrase is a gem of gentle wit and style. Crisp is hardly unique but he is glaringly apparant and, like Buckingham Palace, the Tower

Recently published here is an invaluable work of reference: *Coming Out: Homosexual Politics in Britain from the Nineteenth Century to the Present* by Jeffrey Weeks (Quartet Books, paperback 3.95 pounds, hardback 8.50 pounds). The book covers major gay rights pioneers such as Edward Carpenter and John Addington Symonds, as well as writing informatively about the more recent struggles and developments in

— Peter Burton

The City Fathers of Amsterdam recently introduced new legislation relating to nightclubs. This came into effect in January, and has serious repercussions for the gay scene. All nightclubs which stay open later than 2 a.m. on week-days, and 3 a.m. on weekends, must now have a very rigid membership system which involves membership cards with a photograph of the member, and membership must be obtained one month before the member can enter the club. Within five days of the application form being received at the club, the name and address must be forwarded to the Amsterdam City police. New members may introduce a friend to the club on 52 occasions a year.

Clubs which have live music, consisting of not less than three musicians, are exempt from these requirements, and bars which close at 2 a.m. on weekdays, 3 a.m. on weekends, are also exempt.

The Viking and the Honolulu, have both ceased to operate a club membership, and have reverted to being normal bars, closing at 2 a.m. on weekdays, 3 a.m. weekends.

The Amstel Taveerne Club, and the new C.C.K. club (Amstelstraat 32) are operating the new system already.

Reporting names to the police is not a new idea in Amsterdam — all hotels have done that for years, and are required to do so by law. If you stay in Amsterdam, the police have your name, passport number, and other personal details on their files forevermore.

The gay scene in Amsterdam continues to change and improve. The well-known Orfen Hotel has acquired premises at Kerkstraat 4, where they are already operating apartments, self-catering, for lettings of one week or more. They are planning to open in the same building a cafe for daytime use. It will

Ric Wilson

[illegible]

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Source: *U.S. Census Bureau, Current Population Reports*.

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Figure 1

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be open from 10 a.m. till 8 p.m., and will give various possibilities, including cruising around on a continuous circuit. Meanwhile, in the same street, the Unique Hotel (Kerkstraat 37) has recently changed hands. The two people who founded it many years ago are now getting old and have retired, and the hotel has been taken over by the very popular young men who run the Downtown Coffee Shop. They have big plans for improvement and if they give the same friendly service for which the Downtown is renowned it will become a truly unique hotel. Certainly, it can be recommended. The Kerkstraat is very much Amsterdam's gay street, and in the block on either side of the Leidsestraat, there are quite a few gay bars, restaurants, etc.. A newcomer to Kerkstraat is Baccara (Kerkstraat 54), owned by one of the former owners of the Oscar Wilde Club.

Oliver's Place, formerly Wolfe's Inn, and prior to that, the Five Flies Restaurant, opened in November, and was announced as a gay club. That lasted a lot of one week, then it changed hands and announced that it did not want gays any more, and that it would be a straight club. That too, was short-lived, and with-

in two weeks the place had gone into liquidation, and the man who started it is reputed to be in jail. Various finance companies have been knocking on the door to repossess stereo equipment, etc. Meantime, the club CCK has moved to its new address at Amstelstraat 32 and is reported to be both popular and lively, despite the restrictions imposed by the new membership regulations.

The Metro line has now started and underground/overground metro trains can be seen in certain suburban areas. When the system is complete, it will be possible to travel from Schiphol Airport into the City centre by metro in a matter of a few minutes. That is still to come, however.

So, Amsterdam still welcomes gay visitors, but if you do not want your name given to the police, do not stay in a hotel, and do not join a club. Have fun!

— John Stamford

(continued on page 92)

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Henry Winkler



"Asshole is such a *round* word — no pun intended," Henry Winkler says, chuckling at his unintended pun. He's explaining now an alternate version of his film *The One and Only*, was shot for eventual showing on television. When his college roommate tells Winkler his girlfriend (Kim Darby) is engaged, "I love her, you idiot!" is the response tv audiences will hear in place of "I love her, you asshole."

The actor continues: "The right word is so important. I could have said, 'I love her, you shit!' or 'I love her, you schmuck!' and it wouldn't have been nearly as funny."

Television, at this point, can't always use the most appropriate word; but Winkler thinks that will change. Before too many years, he forecasts, "Movie theaters will be a thing of the past. All movies that are made will be made for television." Technological improvements will, he believes, make the home screen so attractive that no one will go out to see a movie. Therefore, Winkler says, television will more and more become a true reflection of American lifestyles.

Does he really think so, IN TOUCH asks, in spite of Anita Bryant's campaign to purge tv of any lifestyle that differs from her own? "Anita Bryant—wonderful woman," Winkler says, his expression belying his words. "She found God, didn't she?" (No response — we didn't know He was lost!)

Turning serious, Winkler adds: "If God had time to listen to the way she uses His name, He'd be embarrassed off His throne!"

by Steve Warren

Like Andy Schmidt, the character he played in *The One and Only*, Henry Winkler grew up with an irresistible urge to perform. "When I was seven," he recalls, "I sat in a theater on 85th Street" (in New York City, where he was born) "and dreamed about being up there on that screen."

But don't try to draw too many parallels between Henry and Andy. "Everybody's got some of that guy in him," Winkler explains. "But there were times in English class that I acted out stories to amuse the class and was sent to the principal's office as a wise guy.... I had the drive of Andy Schmidt without the desperation."

Despite his high school shenanigans, Winkler went on to college, earning a B.A. from Emerson College, Boston, and a Master of Fine Arts degree from the Yale School of Drama. Years of stage and television work followed, and film appearances in *The Lords of Flatbush* and *Crazy Joe*.

Shortly after he turned 28, Winkler became an "overnight success," playing a teenager on *Happy Days*. The series has been a mixed blessing. It's made Winkler a star; but

it's also made him a household word, and that word is "Fonz."

While the show continues — and he's committed to 14 weeks' work in the '78-'79 season — Winkler has been attempting to make a new name for himself — his own. He appears to be succeeding.

"I get 50,000 letters a month," he says matter-of-factly. "Now 94 percent of my mail is addressed to me — 'Dear Henry' or 'Dear Mr. Winkler.'"

Part of this new image has come from the two theatrical features the actor starred in during last year's hiatus from *Happy Days*. The first, *Heroes*, wasn't very good, but it made money.

Winkler, who played a mentally disturbed Vietnam veteran who learns to face reality by falling in love with Sally Field, is defensive about the critical drubbing the picture took. "Certainly there are a lot of problems with it," he admits; but he goes on to say that actual veterans and psychiatrists who work with them have found the screen treatment true to their reality.

What upset Winkler were reviews that were more concerned with his image than his performance. "Some critics went for my jugular," he says. "Their comments had nothing to do with the film, but the fact that I'm a television actor."

One person whose criticism he could accept is Rona Barrett. "Rona's great," he says. "She's very fair.... This is a very intelligent woman.... She is a professional friend of mine who didn't like *Heroes* and let me know."

(continued on page 70)



PEOPLE



IAN WHITCOMB

Britisher Ian Whitcomb is what Americans call a "late bloomer." Not until his 22nd birthday did he, in his own rather self-conscious metaphor, "bite the apple." But just a year later, after his smash-hit recording of "You Turn Me On" became gay lib's "We Shall Overcome," he was getting all he could handle.

Ian's interludes were not without their traumas, however. Once, he recalls ruefully, just as nature was taking its intimate course, into his motel room "burst a teen idol sporting an enormous thick and stretched dong — like a great red yule-log entwined with blue ivy." Our beleaguered lover finally "bundled him out," but was as unsettled as he had been earlier on the tour bus, when studying Marx for his finals in Modern

History and Political Thought from Trinity College (Dublin), "suddenly, with a dull thopppl, a human book marker hit the print. One of the rock stars had placed his dong, his tool, his wedding tackle, right on the Marx. The hot flushes became flashes."

The impact of that singular event was such that Ian includes the anecdote twice in *After the Ball*, his bestselling history of pop music from rag to rock. That sort of provocative treatment by his fellow rock stars was a result, he feels, of "my notoriety as the 'Turn On' boy/girl." He professes not to have realized, until informed after the fact by experts, that he'd sung the song in a falsetto voice, "doing an impression of the Supremes." For the panting, orgasmic "HUH! HUH! HUH!

HUH!" refrain on the record, "like a baby whimpering for milk," he has no explanation.

It all came about as a fluke, anyhow. Ian Whitcomb was born on July 10, 1941, in Koking Surrey, to an "upper middle class family, so in that sense I'm weird in the rock scene. I was able to go to boarding schools from the age 7 to 13, then I went to public (i. e., private) school from the age of 13 to 18. Then I left school and worked in British films for a very short time, as a messenger boy and assistant film editor at Shepperton and Pinewood Studios.

"I was very fat at school, and unattractive. It's a very strange experience going through British boarding school being like that, feeling a total outsider," he confesses, his now leanly long body encased in body shirt and tantalizingly tight tan trousers. "For years I was a joke, very aware of my appearance. We used to go swimming near the school, nude, and I remember the boys laughing at me: 'Look at him! Look at those legs!' And I would get so embarrassed! I went into rock 'n' roll really, I guess, to exorcise that feeling of unattractiveness."

Deciding he wanted a degree, Ian enrolled at Trinity. But, "years before, I had stood on a windy hill on a Surrey golfcourse shouting 'I will be a star' across the greens, frightening golfers," and now "I determined to make records: I knew that the only way through to fame was records. So I had these little rock 'n' roll bands on the side.

"Then, one night in Dublin, the winter of '63, I was a bit drunk, and when I sang about the 'Hoochie Coochie Man' I truly felt angry and kicked the black coffin amps. This got a howl. My tongue hit

the round metal grille of the mike . . . Another howl. So I lifted my leg and the scrubbers screamed, I shifted a bottom cheek and they screamed. It was a revelation, all this idolatry. It was the first time in my life I realized I had any kind of sex appeal. It came as a shock to me. But I loved being idolized. I loved it! I loved standing on the stage and wriggling about!"

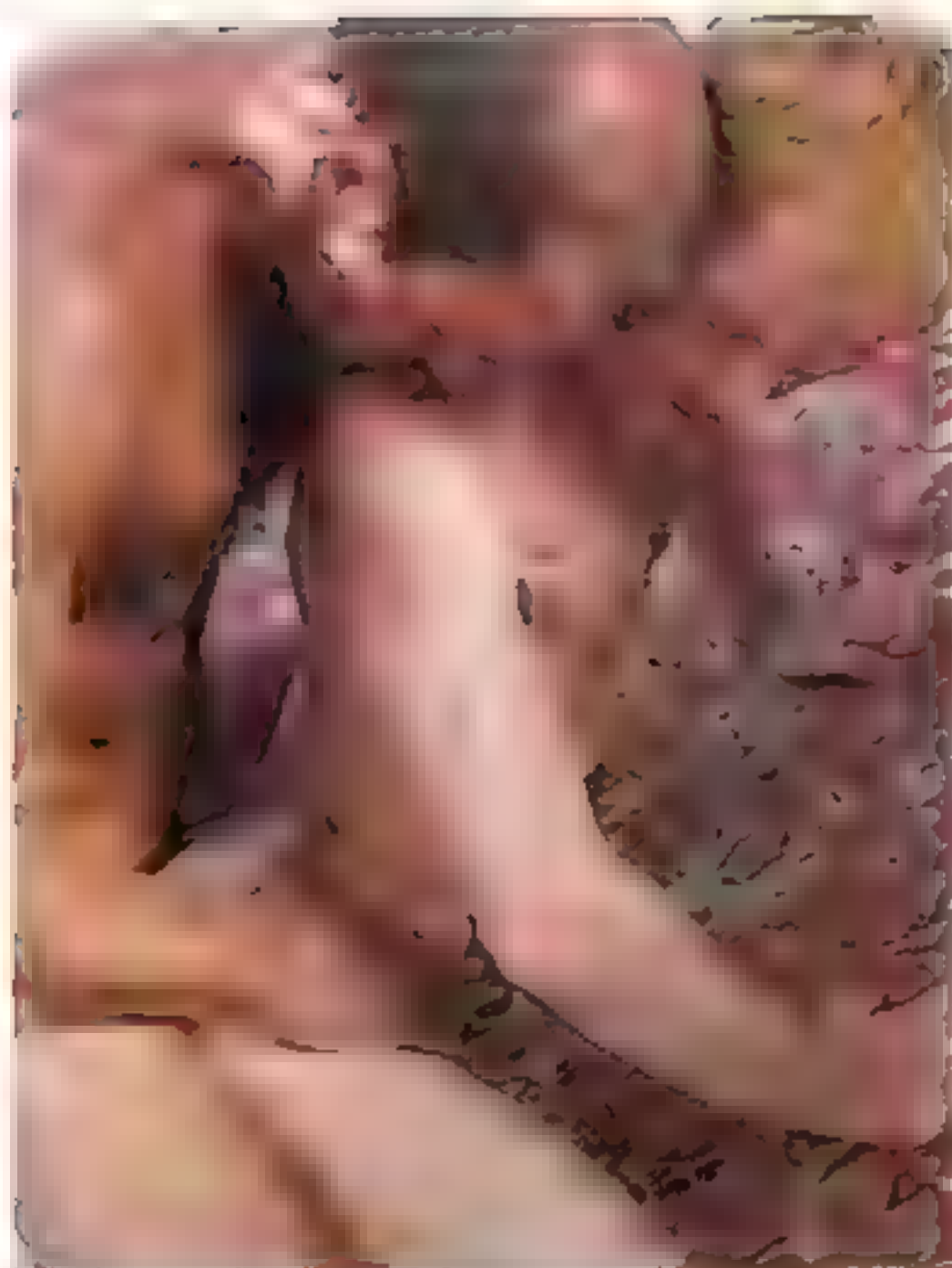
At the moment, the fundamental charm of this self-



Drawing by Don Barthardy

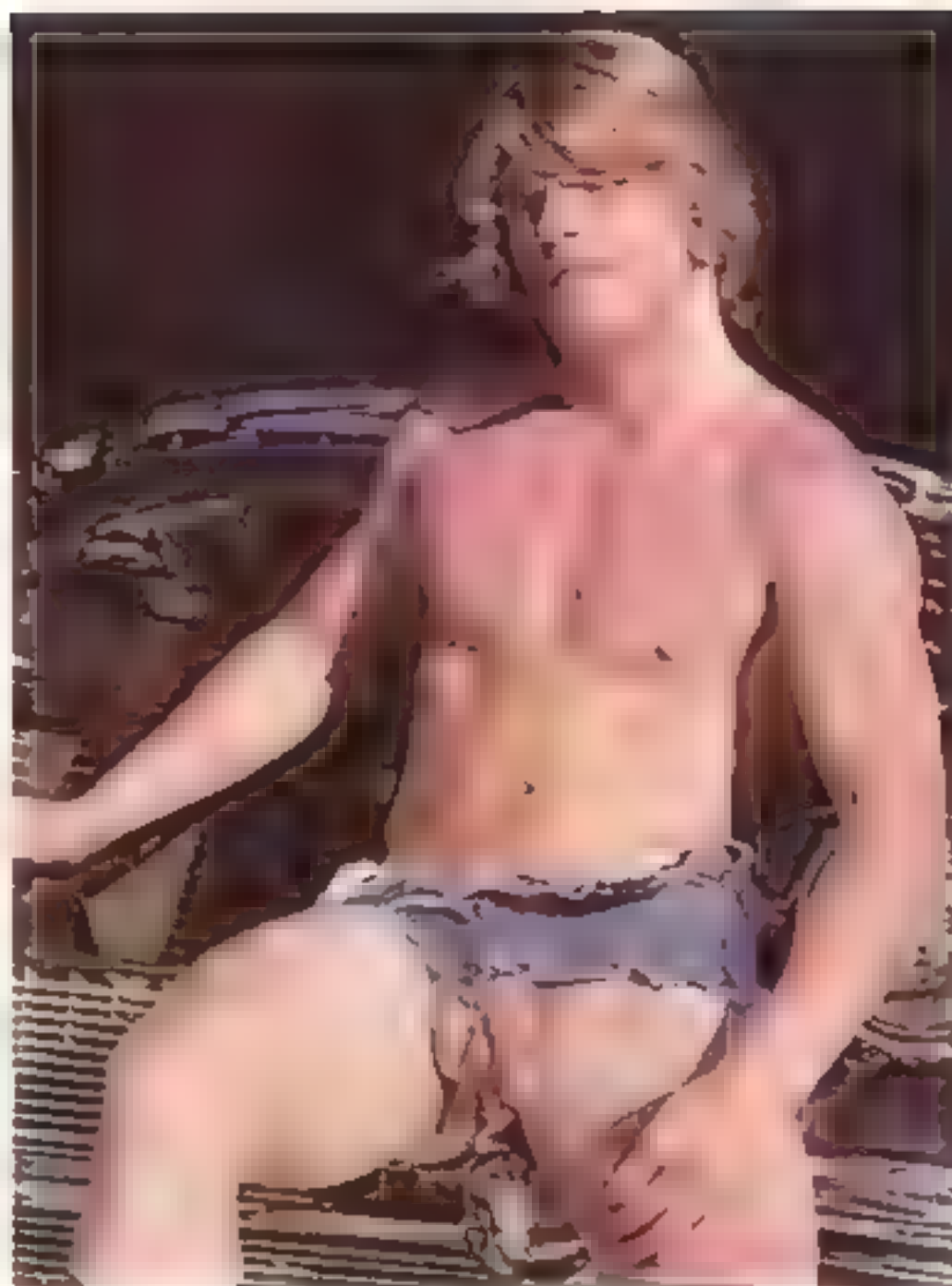
described "faded rock star" negates the immodest tone of his reminiscences, spoken with an interesting stammer (which disappears when onstage) in his soft "English" accent. He remembers being mistaken for Mick Jagger, and, forehead wrinkling beneath ginger-colored hair, dredges from the past that he then made three major decisions: "One, I determined to let my hair grow, two, I determined to slim down by eating yogurt; and, three, I bought a chest expander." You note silently that all these "determinations" have been nicely fulfilled, and it is unnecessary for him to remark that every morning he used to bicycle from his Camrose Drive home above Hollywood Boulevard — destroyed in the recent L.A. mudslides — down to a con-

(continued on page 88)



IN HEAT NO. 3

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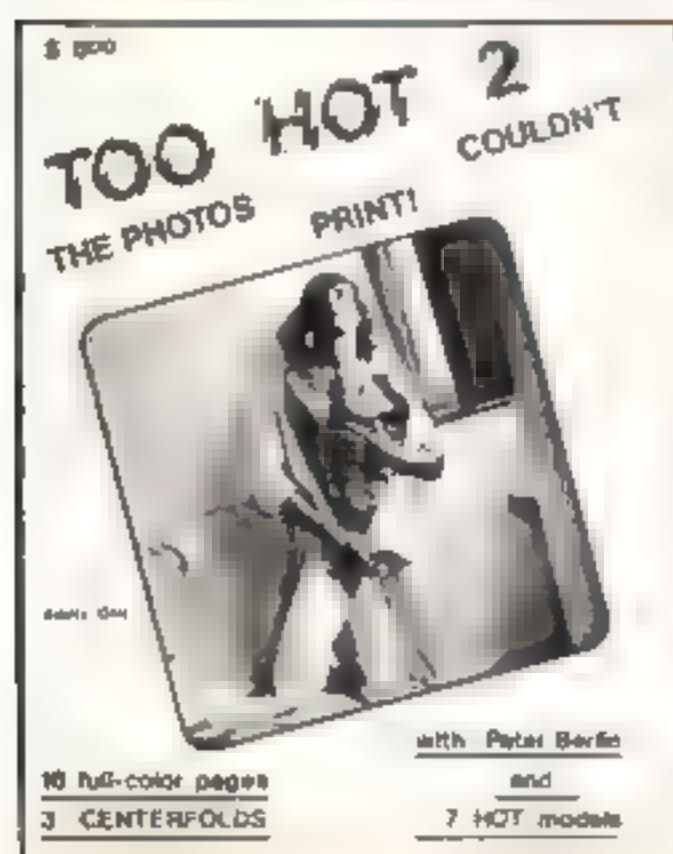


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IN HEAT NO. 1





By Roger Asquith

HOROSCOPE

taurus

April 20 — May 20

Venus is helping you out lately, influencing your love life and making sure you get what you want. All this celestial help really gives you a boost: you're glowing. Go out and spread it around and you'll all have a ball. Someone is a little jealous of your good fortune and is trying to discredit you. Don't be alarmed—bring him a little present, like an eraser for his phone book and sand for his lubricant. Have you got what you want for a few days? Okay, this is the time to try out all those new ideas you had for making it better—but hurry before the alarm goes off.

gemini

May 21 — June 21

You're certainly a popular dude right now. Whether you changed your deodorant or are wearing tighter pants is your secret, but take advantage of the situation and feather your nest. Plan a quick vacation and remember: double occupancy is not only cheaper but twice the fun. If you see something you fancy, buy him a drink. Be firm and get a good grip on things. But don't be a sucker all the time. Let somebody else try their hand at it, but make sure they warm it first. You should do okay now, if you don't there's always the river...go fishing.

cancer

June 22 — July 22

It's a good time for asking favors, especially if they concern money. Take care of some overdue bills and make the payment on the bed... it's better than writing a check. Don't splurge on food, your waistline can also use a favor without bulging at the seams. The old gangbang at the bar heard all the gossip, so go out and give them something to talk about, but don't let it get into the local rag. Your love-life should be running smoothly, but be sure he's heading for home and not taking the shortcut through the park.

leo

July 23 — August 22

Others around you will be getting more than their share of good fortune the next few days—what happened to you? Miss the bus full of sailors the at the "Y"? Perhaps you're pushing too hard...and missing the bus. Slow down and savor the flavor. Masticate (it's spelled correctly) and you'll avoid indigestion. Avoid rich desserts, even if he baked it himself especially for you. Spruce up your wardrobe, get tighter pants and looser relationships...burst the strings that bind you, especially if he hasn't paid his share of the rent.

virgo

August 23 — September 22

Lots of words will be coming your way—appreciation and thanks for jobs well done. A letter from an old flame, maybe, who wants to rekindle the spark...be smart, tell him you gave up smoking. This is the time for making applications for jobs, credit and memberships in nudist clubs. If they want to see your credentials, let it all hang out and they might give you a life membership for free. Consult your date book and start filling in the pages. If you get a double date, grin and share him, there'll be enough to go around...if you've left it hanging or!

libra

September 23 — October 22

Generosity becomes you. Friends flock to your side and quickly leave when the bottle's empty. Be smart, fill the punch-bowl with dishwater and tell Madge to give them the finger treatment. You don't need spongers, my friend. With your looks and sparkling personality you should be dipping your beak into somebody else's vodka. Clean out your closet and tell her majesty to find another hiding place. You've got a lot to offer and at times it must be hard to conceal...so don't even bother. Don't forget to give Madge a hand with the dishes...she must be green with envy.

scorpio

October 23 — November 21

Busy time ahead of you, spring cleaning and all that jazz... and not just under the bed. Dust off all those letters and phone numbers and see what's cooking. Who knows, you might find somebody you can't write home about. Take a long look at yourself in the mirror. What d'you have to offer? Apart from an expensive toothy smile, a trim waist and a half bottle of Scotch, what is there? Okay, so you've got a non-squeak bed and remote-control Sony in the john. Go out and sell your attributes and fill the void in his life. If your roommate objects, tell him to fill your void or you'll change channels.

sagittarius

November 22 — December 21

Partnerships seem to be in the offing. It's time to make the deal, tie the knot or make the first payment on the king-size bed. If you have the urge to move, now is the time. Partners are great for halving bills, warming beds and telling callers you're out when you're not. They also have a yen for steak when you fancy fish or Carson when you want to sleep. So think it over and be smart. Try it for a month and if it's still sore, you ain't doing it right. Of course there are others who might want to join your company.

capricorn

December 22 — January 19

You don't have to bust a gut to get what you want, there are easy ways open to you. You can butter up a rich friend or hose down a poor one, but with a little persuasion and a glib tongue, you should be able to get what you're after...if he fancies you. You've dragged out your old duds and they don't fit...this means either a new set of clothes or a new set of friends. With your luck you can get both, especially with that glib tongue. How d'you do it, eating oysters or do oysters eat you?

aquarius

January 20 — February 18

It's a good period for gamblers and speculators, a chance to win back some of that lost loot or prestige. If you've made some stupid bets and lost, try again, but this time don't pick an eighteen-year-old Adonis Hollywood-bound. You could try new interests and new angles, but don't tell him the ceiling needs painting—he might be so damned bored with you he'll want to paint it. Try biting your tongue once in a while. It's not very smart, but it's better than biting the hand that needs you. Good luck...you'll need it with this dude.

pisces

February 19 — March 20

You seem to have the Midas touch of late, but don't waste the cash—invest it. You could buy shares, a second mortgage or invest in a good roommate, (they not only halve the rent but double the fun, if you find the right one). If you've already got a partner, then take him on a little trip to renew old acquaintances. A change is a good chance to find out what you've been missing. Burn the midnight oil to find out where it's at and when you've found it, enjoy. Conversely, if you haven't found it by midnight, it's not worth looking for. Next time, try the Yellow Pages.

aries

March 21 — April 19

Put on a good spurt this week and get a lot of chores done. Don't put off until tomorrow what you can do today...he might decide to leave tonight. When the chores are done, drag out the duds and go have a ball. It's possible you've gained a few inches here and there...it's a pity you didn't gain them down there as well. Not to bother...everything has its place. After the ball, bring back the goodies for a midnight snack. You cook the goose and let him goose the cook and see what's come up for dessert. Now, isn't it time you found something to nibble on?

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HENRY WINKLER

(continued from page 65)

Not all female journalists rate so highly with Winkler. He speaks with thinly-veiled contempt about his appearance on Barbara Walters' prime-time special last fall: "Barbie does her own editing. She asks all kinds of questions and then uses what she wants.... She came into my home with her film crew and everything and just took over for two days."

"Barb wears glasses when she interviews dignitaries and sans glasses when she talks to us folks." He resisted her probing into his plans to change his marital status (single):

I'm not going to answer that on national television — even for a woman who sits down with Sadat!"

The One and Only has drawn better reviews than Heroes, though some critics expressed reservations about the "insult humor" the comedy relies on heavily. Winkler thinks the "short jokes" — aimed at Herve Villechaise — were no more offensive than Randy Newman's song, "Short People."

"Randy Newman is fuckin' brilliant," Winkler comments. If some short people didn't understand the song's satirical intent, that's because "it takes the message longer to get down there," he can't resist quipping.

Likewise, he sees no reason for guys to be upset at the film's gay jokes, or the mincing blond wrestler he plays in the climactic scene. "I had nothing to do with the gay community," Winkler insists. "The gay community should live in health."

Though he laughs easily — usually at his own jokes — Winkler is quite serious about two things: his acting and his effect on the young people who idolize him.

"If I were not an actor," he says, "I would work with children exclusively. I minored in child psychology in college.... It hurts me in my heart that so many young people have no sense of future.... In this country we are taught not to like ourselves."

Because he reaches so many youngsters with Happy Days, Winkler is glad the show sometimes incorporates a message in its entertainment, as when "The Fonz" learned to eat liver and like it, or had to wear glasses. His proudest moment came in the program that aired January 31 of this year, when Richie (Ron Howard) had a motorcycle accident and Fonzie cried at his bedside.

"I suggested that episode," Wink-

ler says. "because I felt we should dispel the theory that 'tough doesn't cry' — show that sometimes you are tougher if you give in and break down."

Because of his influence on children he says he made a "conscious decision" that he wouldn't be seen drinking beer in the bar sequence in *Heroes*. Even in *The One and Only*, where he played a drunk scene, we never actually saw him drinking.

"I want my touch and my effect to be soft and positive," Winkler explains, defining a hard, negative touch as "making a movie with a guy having a shotgun out the back of a Trans Am, which is what's in a lot of the scripts I receive."

Asked how he sees himself as an actor, Winkler responds, "If at the moment I have a style, it is serio-comic.... Have you ever met anybody who is entirely one way? Of course not. You know yourself, you're happy one day and sad the next; up in the morning and down in the afternoon."

Acting is *it* for Winkler. "I love to do it. I live to do it; I want to do it until I'm fertilizer!" he says. He admits to some limitations at this point: "I still know where I have to grow. I'm still willing to grow. If I don't I'm full of shit.... My imagination is not lined up yet with my execution. When I do it you will see it!"

He doesn't mind giving all his energy to his work. "I like to fly within what I do," he explains. "At the beginning of my career I didn't go out at all. I stayed in my apartment 24 hours a day to get in touch with what I was."

"I'm young enough (32) to have the energy to work all the time. If I don't do it now, it'll go.... My goal is being the best actor I can possibly push out of my body one day to appear on a screen and the screen splits in half." If that sounds extreme, don't worry. "A psychiatrist told me it's a good male image," Winkler adds.

The loss of privacy he's suffered doesn't bother the actor. He calls the adulation of a crowd "some of the sweetest, most positive, most heightened energy in the world. If you give a little respect to a crowd, you get a lot back." He's ready for it when it comes, he says, because "Six months out of a year I live in a sound stage, a tiny room without windows."

We understand, Henry, a lot of us have spent time in rooms like that. But we called them "closets."

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introducing Rod Davidson

"I'm really a country boy at heart," Rod Davidson says, then proceeds to describe his recent trip to Europe. "I went alone," Rod says, "and loved it—especially Paris and Amsterdam.

I love meeting people." If at one moment Rod sounds rather like a loner and the next like an extrovert, the seeming contradiction doesn't bother him in the slightest.

A 25-year-old Taurus, Rod was born and raised in the area in which these photos were taken. "I enjoy being on the move," he says, and mentions serving a term with the Peace Corps in Central America, where he was able to exercise his love of hiking and horseback riding. Asked about plans for the future, Rod is a bit vague. "I don't like to do too much planning ahead," he says, his eyes reflecting far-off places he has yet to see



PHOTOGRAPHY BY RYAN BOYD







NIGHTLIFE

(continued from page 16)

acquainted offer, he finds, lighting his cigarette like a bobbing yoyo, suddenly unskewed, looking for fleeting shadows, fugitive love. Diane Keaton, eat your heart out.

New York as dance capital of the world never ceases to amaze! Balanchine's City Ballet returns this month with Peter Martins' new work, *Calcium Light Night* — and a "perhaps" that the Dane himself might dance it. Never has there been a more handsome Prince! Of course, Nureyev promises a special engagement, but more interesting is the piece he's choreographed for Murray Louis' company when they play the Uris. Baryshnikov is also back in town — and just why was Liza really out of *The Act* for several weeks? He's a terror, Misha is! For a touch of sultry sex, Juan Antonio stole the show in Falce's *Tiger Rag*. Falce's company over at Dance Umbrella is always a triumph! Next, if all goes well politically, the Cubans will hit town with Alonso's Ballet Nacional.

Finally, after the sensational success of the first two flicks of Joe Gage's trilogy — *Kansas City Wrecking Co.* and *El Paso Wrecking Corp.* — New York pants with anticipation for his final film, *L.A. Dye & Tool Co.*

(IN TOUCH publisher Frank Roedel wants to extend a public and special thanks to Chi-Chi La-Vern and his friends for their kindness to him while in New York.)

—David Sears

PHILADELPHIA

Finally, Spring has begun to peek out from behind the piles of snow that have been covering the entire East coast after one of the worst winters in history. Now, things can get moving again and the gay scene here can get back to its usual lively routine.

The whole city is preparing for another gala summer, with outdoor concerts, operas, festivals, and general hubbub. Philly is one city that makes the most of its good weather. This year will be no exception, because Philadelphia is on its way to celebrating its Tricentennial. Founded in 1682 by William Penn, and growing to become the second largest city in the British Empire (London was first), Philadelphia was the most exciting city in the colonies. Today, almost three hundred years later, Philly is having a resurgence.



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Even the ill-fated Bellevue Stratford Hotel (remember Legionnaire's disease?) has been given a second chance by a San Francisco hotel chain. Celebrations will be plentiful leading up to the tricentenary year. Then, in 1982, the city will let loose with a huge bash.

The gay scene here is moving along in step with the changing city and becoming as vibrant a circuit as in any major city. New establishments, such as the New Farmers' Place (782 S. 3rd St.) are open and welcoming new customers all the time. This bar is another new spot located in the Queen Village section of the city. This part of town, just south of the central business district, becomes more lively every year. The TLA Cinema (334 South St.) one of the first successful businesses in Queen Village, is still going strong showing its schedule of old-favorite movies. Included in this schedule every Friday and Saturday at midnight, is the *Rocky Horror Picture Show*. Now in its second year, the Rocky Horror gang continues to enthrall its huge flock of followers. Any weekend you are able to get into the show (the lines are always long) you, too, can repeat the actors' lines with them and join in the general fun and games of the highly specialized Rocky Horror audiences. The TLA is a place to see, especially at midnight.

Also in Queen Village, in the South Street area is Grendel's Lair (500 South St.). Grendel's is a very successful nightclub, which, at press time, is having a rousing run of *Let My People Come*. The crowds are never-ending and the show is non-stop titillating fun. Grendel's Lair has hosted a number of comedy reviews, plays, and concerts, all of them well attended and well received. The Lair features specialties including a weekly jazz night, which makes it a very accommodating and congenial place. This is a must for those interested in participating in the South Street renaissance.

There are plenty of other sights and sounds in Queen Village — bars, restaurants, and shops. Not all of them are gay, but many of them are interesting and delightful places to spend a cool spring evening.

If you want to make that cool Spring night a little hotter, then head over to the DCA Disco (204 S. Camac St.). The atmosphere at the DCA, an afterhours club, is chic and the dancing is non-stop. The place is always jammed and is one of the most popular places on the gay circuit.

The dancing is also good at the

Allegro (1412 Spruce St.). The "A", as the true Philadelphian calls it, is an old but very nice gay bar, right in the center of the gay ghetto. There are three floors. The first holds a large bar, where the drinks are medium priced, and a game room. The second floor offers a smaller bar with tables and dim lighting, for quiet conversation. But the third floor is where the action is. The dancing goes on and on and on, and the lighting is something else. On certain nights of the week, vintage films are shown on the dance floor before the dancing begins. The Allegro is well worth a visit.

Something new: Letters (22nd and South St.), always a favorite on the gay circuit, has just added a juice bar on the third floor. Now, with its raised dance floor, huge bar, and quiet tables on the first floor, and its second and third floor bar areas, Letters becomes one of the nicer places to spend an evening in Philadelphia.

Now, if we can only get the snow to melt.

— Joseph DeMarco

MONTREAL

With Spring on the horizon, the gay scene in Montreal is exciting as ever. The city is fun to visit even during the winter months because the colder the weather, the warmer the natives. Most people speak at least some English and you can always trot out your old high school French.

Stanley St. is Montreal's answer to "Polkstrasse" in San Francisco. Most of Montreal's better gay bars are located on Stanley, with the exception of a great disco called Studio 1 located on the main drag, St. Catherine, just opposite Simpson's department store.

The drag shows continue nightly at PJ's with the immortal Armand Monroe doing his bilingual M.C. number. For leather fans, try Bud's on Stanley St. or Truxx cruising bar. How's that for a subtle name? Bud's, by the way, is no longer decorated in early plastic. They've switched to Western. Ride 'em, cowboy! Downstairs from Truxx is Le Mystique. Nothing mysterious about it. It just happens to be the crueziest bar in town.

And don't forget the bar in the Kon-Tiki restaurant of the Sheraton Mt. Royal Hotel on Peel St. It's quite discreet, but gay nonetheless. For the business executive set.

Right down the street on Peel St. is Metropolitan News where you

can pick up your copy of **IN TOUCH** along with practically any other magazine or newspaper from around the world — gay or straight. There are no hard core gay magazines available in Montreal.

The gay bookshop in town is **Androgyny** located on Crescent St. A nice selection of all manner of gay material and a very friendly staff.

During the winter months, there is no cruising outdoors unless you are into snowmen. During the Montreal winter, which lasts until the end of March and then some, Montrealers go underground and strut their stuff in the city's many enclosed underground shopping malls. The most interesting ones are **Place Ville Marie** and **Place Bonaventure**, which are linked to one another via an underground tunnel.

Those of us who know Montreal might note that world-famous Montreal night-time personality **Cecile** is no longer working at the **Briton** restaurant after 24 years loyal service. Don't worry, though — the inimitable **Cecile** has not gone far. She's across the street at the **Lentz** restaurant carrying on as usual. Drop by and say hello. She loves gay tourists and gay Montrealers for that matter, who flock around her every night during the wee hours.

Great music and theater coming up in town at **Place des Arts** and **Centaur Theater**. Check the local paper when you arrive for the nitty gritty details.

— Tim Taylor

ATLANTA

Tennessee Williams' *Tiger Tail* an adaptation billed as a re-write of his *Baby Doll* screenplay, had its world premiere at our **Alliance Theater**. It wasn't a disappointment because I wasn't expecting much. Nick Manusco was excellent as the virile Italian who seduces the virgin wife of the man who burned down his cotton gin; but **Elizabeth Kemp**, allegedly recommended for the role by **Elia Kazan**, was all wrong as "Baby Doll." If your city has a red carpet and a theater, Williams will be glad to make minor revisions on one of his old plays and give you a "world premiere," too.

Atlanta's disco scene has done another turnabout. **Zylites** opened and closed too fast to be mentioned here. **The Magic Garden** (1888 Cheshire Bridge Rd.) still gets some

(continued on page 84)

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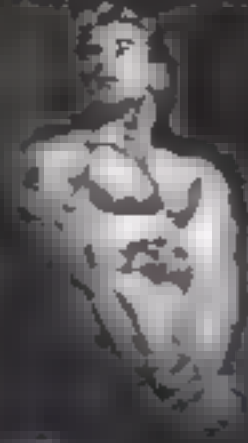


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PULSE

by Charles Herschberg

photo by John Michael Cox

"It's hot under all these lights," he says, flashing an enthusiastic smile of perfect teeth as he unbuttons his shirt to the navel. The spotlight caresses his body with the adoration of a lover, at the same time illuminating all the sweat and emotion.

His fans are screaming, crying, fainting.

Closing his eyes and clenching his fists as he builds toward the high notes, the young man's whispery tenor grows stronger as he promises "I'll be your singer and your song."

When sung by Andy Gibb, America's newest twenty-year-old heart-throb, romantic pop lyrics are taken to heart by millions of screamypoppers and numerous other admirers and fanatics.

"They worry me sometimes," young Andy Gibb admits. "They get so much emotion inside them. They lose their mind and get hysterical."

"It's really frightening sometimes to see them from the stage. It's hard to sing and watch them at the same time. It makes me feel pretty strange."

In many ways, soft-spoken Andy Gibb is a typical teenager. Height: 5'7". Weight: 135 lbs. Hair: Shoulder-length and sandy blond.

He likes fishing, photography, motorcycle racing, horseback riding. The Bee Gees, Don McLean, Boz Scaggs, The Eagles, Elton John, Neil Diamond, laid-back California, scuba diving, ice hockey, The Muppets, *Happy Days*, the color blue, shirts with emblems, spaghetti, sincerity, consideration, quiet dinners and romantic conversation.

He dislikes people with prejudices.

At the same time, Andy is quite a bit more than the boy next door. Super-teen fan-mags feature *Hot Fax* on their latest *Sweet Hank*, reporting that he's bought his first Ferrari, and that his fave room in his fab pad is a bedroom with black-carpeted floors and walls, and two kingsized beds pushed together under a mirrored ceiling. The headboards are mirrored, too.

His bathroom is designed for two. Two sinks and two mirrors, arranged so that two people can face each other as they brush their teeth in the morning.

All this, on board what Andy modestly calls "a swell houseboat" in Miami's Biscayne Bay. A grand piano in the floating living room makes the setting complete for a guy who wants to be your everything.

He's pulled overflowing crowds and thick praise starring in concert at The Roxy in Los Angeles and The Other End in New York. He was presented a certified gold album award for his debut RSO lp, *Flowing Rivers*, and a gold single award for "I Just Want To Be Your Everything," his instantaneously catchy breakthrough tune.

Already he has extended his following beyond the bubble-gum set with a growing musical talent, but his willingness to capitalize on his ability to shine as a star in the tradition of a David Cassidy has clearly established him as a commercial package of sex appeal.

Born in Manchester, England, under the sign of Pisces on March 5, 1958, Andrew Roy Gibb's first ambition was to be a musician. By the age of thirteen, his formal education was already over, and he was making appearances in local pubs playing guitar, piano and drums.

"I wasn't paid because of my age but the experience gave me my first taste of performing for audiences."

"Music is in my blood. My dad used to be a drummer for Benny Goodman's band. My mom was a singer in another of the famous big bands. They started the musical tradition of the family."

Journalists most often identify Andy with his musical roots; specifically, the fact that his three older brothers are the Bee Gees.

Naturally, little brother spent a lot of time backstage in the Bee Gees' dressing rooms as the older Brothers Gibb raked in fame, glory, and cash with a long chain of pop standards from "Gotta Get A Message To You" to hits from their

He's twenty, he's hot, he's talented, and he's the Bee Gees' little brother — like chicken soup, it couldn't hurt! But of you think Andy Gibb is just another pretty face, think again.

disco soundtrack for *Saturday Night Fever* and the filmed fantasy *Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band*.

The Bee Gees gave Andy brotherly assistance in his own professional success. "I Just Want To Be Your Everything" was written by brother Barry Gibb, who sang background vocal on it. He and Andy co-composed "(Love Is) Thicker Than Water," the follow-up single from the *Flowing Rivers* lp, of which Barry was executive producer.

"I admit that my brothers are helping," Andy says. "I feel it's important to take advantage of what's there. But I don't like being thought of as only the brother of The Bee Gees and nothing else. I nearly did join them as a fourth Bee Gee, but I wanted to make my own music."

Andy made the top five in Australia in 1976 (he was living there), with "Words and Music," his own composition, albeit one with a strong flavor of early Bee Gees. He wrote most of the cuts on *Flowing Rivers*, some of them having been previously recorded in Australia without Barry Gibb's arrangements or the musicianship of guitarists Joe Walsh and George Terry from Eric Clapton's group.

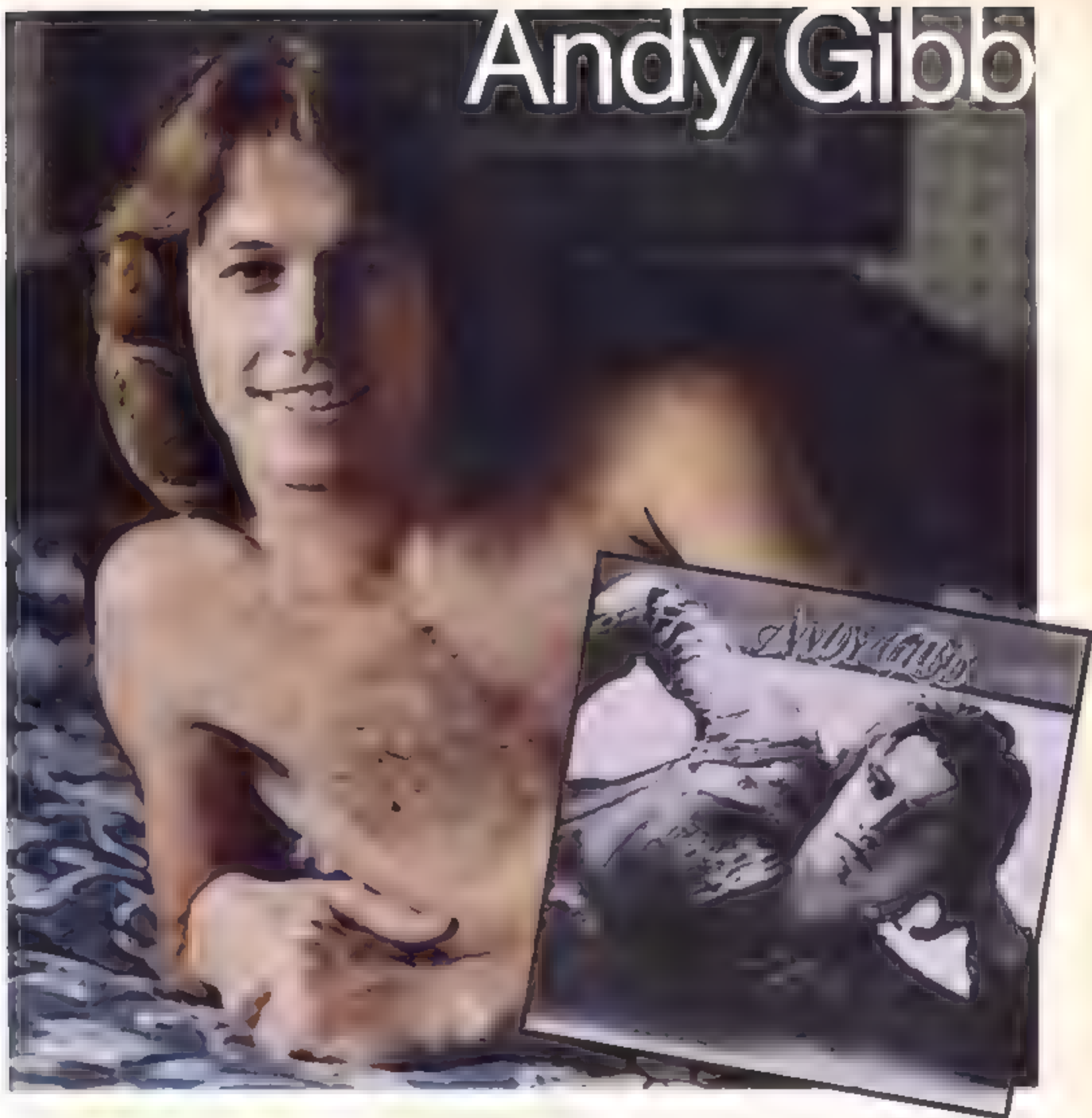
So far he has chosen an uptempo range of country-disco-pop. Following a U.S. tour, he returned to the studio to record his second album for RSO. "The sound will be more Andy Gibb and less Bee Gees," he says. "I'm a Gibb, but I'm not a Bee Gee."

For all his verve, talent, charm and good looks, might Andy Gibb still be an anonymous hopeful had it not been for his family connections?

Perhaps. It is certainly safe to say that his family ties did not detract from RSO Records' interest in signing Andy to their label.

But what is so is that Andy had made it, pleasantly surprising everybody who suspected that he was just another pretty face with industry backing. The Bee Gees taught him his craft, but it is his own talent and emotion that makes it work.

Andy Gibb



It's like painting. First an aspiring artist must learn the craft of mixing colors and applying paint to canvas. Naturally, the beginner will be influenced by his teacher and his environment.

Once the craft is mastered, talent and emotion are revealed in an artist's way of seeing things.

So it is with Andy Gibb who, at twenty, has already achieved more acknowledgement than most singers receive in a lifetime.

Only his Australian wife, Kim, has been less than appreciative of Andy's career drive. Their honeymoon was interrupted when Andy

was asked by his manager to record the demonstration tapes which led to *Flowing Rivers*. "With my career taking off the way it has," he said at the time, "there's very little time for Kim and me to spend together."

They have since separated, and Kim moved back to Australia where it is said that she is pregnant and expecting twins.

Her husband's new status as a free spirit of sorts, does not particularly displease Andy's promoters, who understand that at the moment Andy's ability, and willingness, to capture audiences as an idealized image of wholesome youth with

hints of raw sexuality, is what separates him from the other Brothers Gibb.

The ever-opened shirt was his idea. His popularity is growing on all fronts as he unbuttons those shirts to reveal a hairy, well-defined chest spread across magazine centerfolds, relieving the necessity of grinding copy and relieving subscribers the task of reading.

Andy Gibb seems willing to assume the role of rising male sex symbol and that sells a lot of records, 8-tracks, and cassettes.

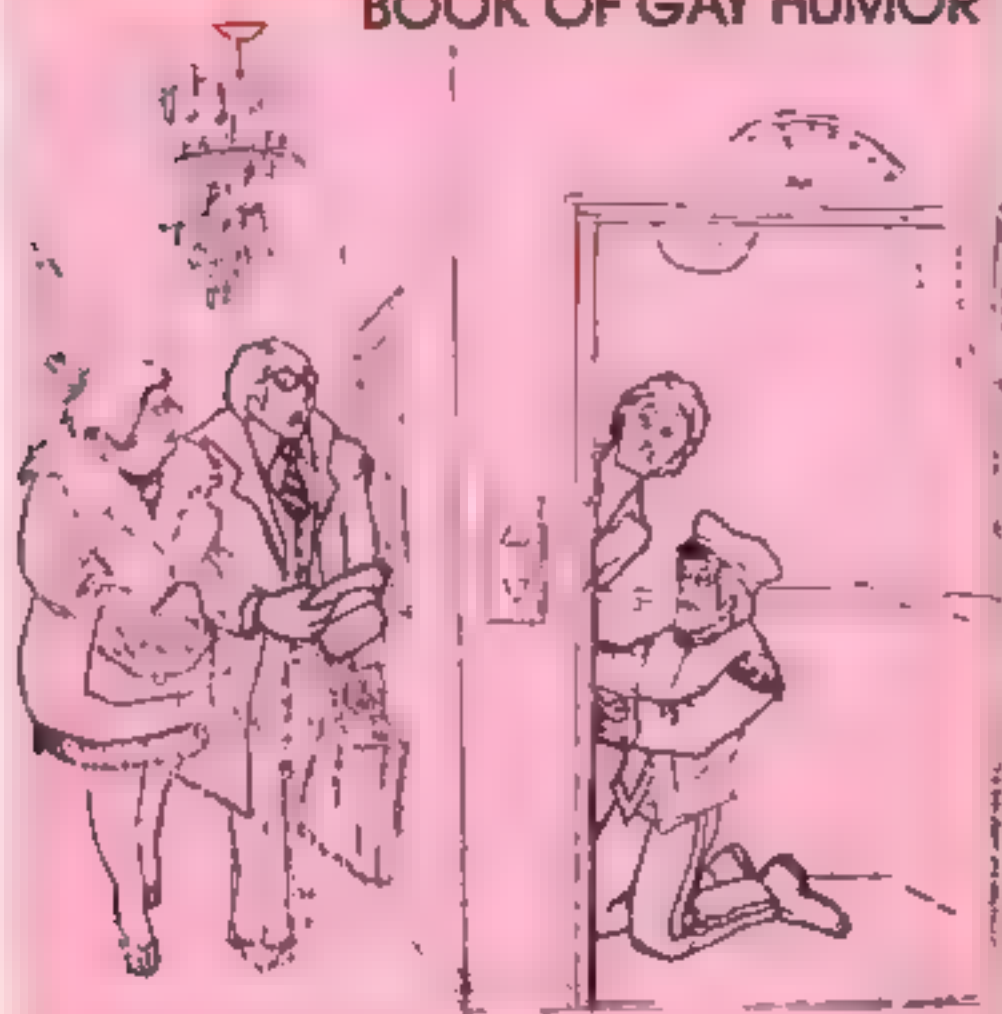


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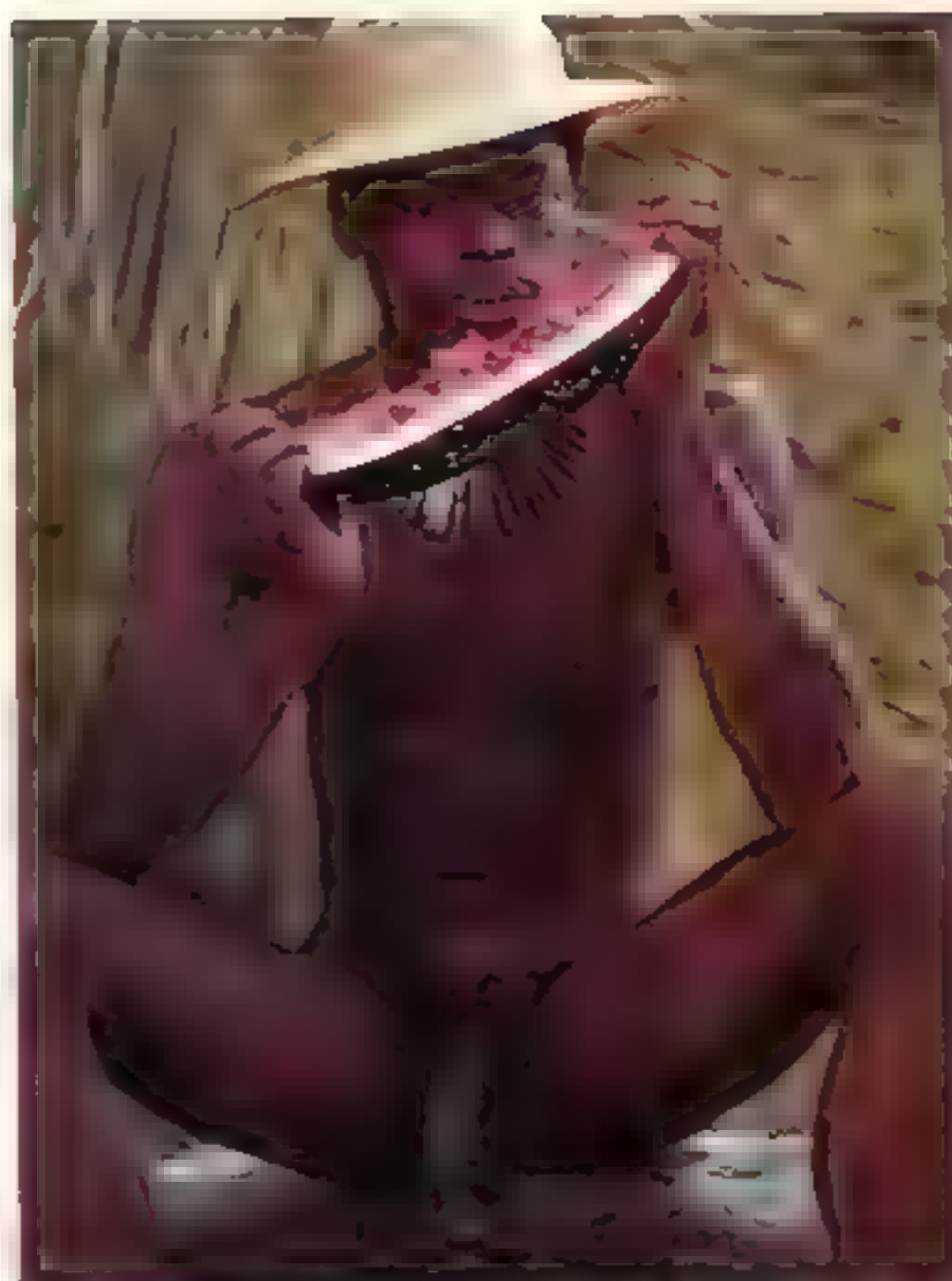
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"I hope the elevator man is going down."

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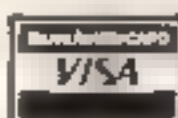
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NIGHTLIFE (continued from page 79)

of the crowd, but most have gone back to Back Street (845 Peachtree St.), which was called *Encore* last year. Not just the name has changed — there's been another major renovation; and the upstairs room now called *Cafe Le Tut*, is booking entertainers, including an occasional star like Grace Jones and rising stars like Juanita Fleming. Mendel promises to have a sun deck open on the roof by the time you read this. With that and the disco, they could change the name to *Shake-and-Bake!* (Sorry about that.)

The Magic Garden has offered the most consistent lineup of super acts. Barbara Cook, Dorothy Collins and Betty Rhodes have been the best at this writing; but the list keeps growing and few have disappointed.

In Atlanta, the "lusty month of May" begins with "Opera Week," May 1-6. The Metropolitan company will be performing *Thais*, *Ca / Pag*, *Boris Godunov*, *La Favorita*, *Rigoletto*, *Don Giovanni* and *Madama Butterfly*, at the Civic Center (Piedmont at Forrest).

The following week, yours truly departs as host of a Springtime Theater Tour of London, May 9-17.

Meanwhile, back in the States. The Arts Festival of Atlanta will be held in Piedmont Park, May 13-21. The trend in recent years has been toward less emphasis on the visual arts and more on crafts, the performing arts and the mere fact of people coming together to enjoy what the city has to offer.

June is an important theater month, starting on the 5th with the second annual awards of the Atlantic Circle of Drama Critics (AC/DC) at the Harlequin Dinner Theater (Peachtree at Piedmont).

Eight theater companies have announced a "New Play Project" from June 17-29. Each will perform a new script, a new adaptation or a company-developed play, in either a reading or full production, on their own stage.

Attempts to inject humor into their late-night entertainment yielded dismal results at both *Showcase Cabaret* (Ansley Mall) and the *Manhattan Yellow Pages* (Omni International). The regular musical revues at both places are so wonderful that their fizzled attempts at comedy were especially disappointing. They should leave the laughing to the pros, like the *Wits End Players*, who have moved their headquarters to *Top of the Gallery*, in downtown Peachtree Center.

The Gypsy Rainbow Dance Com-

pany and the Theatrical Outfit are offering a new version of *Macbeth* at the Performing Arena (1052 St. Charles Ave.) through May 21. That's also the closing date for On-stage Atlanta's spring musical, *Kiss Me, Kate*, at St. Luke's Church, 435 Peachtree, it opens April 27. The non-musical version, *The Taming of the Shrew*, is current at Alliance Theater, (15th and Peachtree) through April 29.

Tammy Wynette appears in concert at the Harlequin Dinner Theater on April 24. Dominic Cossa and Enrico de Giuseppe will be guest artists in the Georgia Opera Company production of *The Barber of Seville*, June 9 and 10 in Symphony Hall at the Atlanta Memorial Arts Center.

The Atlanta Ballet's first full season concludes with a guest performance by the Pennsylvania Ballet, April 29-30 at the Fox (660 Peachtree). Robert Shaw closes out the Atlanta Symphony season in Symphony Hall conducting Mahler's "Symphony of a Thousand," May 18-20. Pianist Misha Dichter plays with the orchestra the preceding week.

—Steve Warren

SEATTLE

Seattle is dance crazy. The situation here has reached the point where nearly every performance of any note is sold out long before the doors open. Though all the arts are flourishing in this pleasing northwest city, dance seems particularly blessed.

An impressive series of professional performances, now completing its second year, is mounted by the Seattle Department of Parks and Recreation and the University of Washington with the help of dance touring funds from the National Endowment for the Arts. This season, the roster included the lackluster "Stars of the New York City Ballet," a pick-up company put together by Peter Martins, whose blond body was worth watching even though it did not do very much in performance; the Jose Limon Dance Company; the frenetic, eccentric Twyla Tharp, who, incidentally, hails from the State of Washington; the incomparable Alvin Ailey Company; and the Claude Kipnis Mime Theater. The programs are regularly sold out.

Add to the series of a number of single events such as appearances by Dennis Wayne's new company, Dancers, and the annual residency by the Robert Jeffrey Company, and

you have plenty to see

On the local level, attempts are being made to spawn a resident ballet company. This group, called Pacific Northwest Dance Company, has succeeded in hiring, alienating and losing two topflight ballet mistresses, Janet Reed, formerly of the New York City Ballet, and Melissa Hayden, who floated around the city refusing to discuss the matter of her resignation before she finally returned to New York to open her own studio. The company is now being managed and directed by Kent Stowell and Francia Russell. The couple came to Washington after working in Germany, and are spearheading yet another attempt to give Seattle what it deserves—a major ballet company all its own.

Also contributing to the local classical dance scene is First Chamber Ballet, under the direction of Charles Bennett.

Without doubt, the best dance training in the Northwest takes place at Cornish Institute, a private allied arts school which, in addition to having its own company, has placed dancers with such organizations as the Joelfrey, the Pennsylvania Ballet, and others.

Perhaps the most interesting modern ensemble is the Bill Evans Dance Company, which moved to Seattle from Salt Lake City last year. In addition to regular concerts and national tours, the company does artist-in-the-schools programs for the city school system and offers a series of short-term workshops to dancers from all over the country.

Other modern groups are the Rick Fite Dance Company and one with a most provocative title, ACDC (American Contemporary Dance Company) which maintains its own studio where it offers informal concerts and classes.

These and a number of other efforts such as Whistlestop, a contemporary group concentrating on improvisation, cooperate to give the Seattle dance lover plenty to occupy his time and interest.

— Ward Michaels

BOSTON

Despite a devastating winter, social life in Boston has managed to survive. It has more to do with the avoidance of cabin fever than Yankee spirit.

February was a month for openings, closings, and one regrettable cancellation. After a multi-week run at the Shubert, *A Chorus Line*

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moved on, leaving those lucky enough to have seen it paraphrasing the show's hit song with "What I Did For Tickets!" But, the Shubert wasn't dark for long. *Pippin* settled in for an eight-week engagement.

'Les Ballets Trockadero De Monte Carlo' the all-male satirical dance company, filled the John Hancock Hall for two hysterical evenings of their interpretations of classical ballet, while across town at The Fan Club, Barbara Cook entertained the cabaret crowd.

The cancellation mentioned earlier was that of Craig Russel's one-man show, *A Man and His Women*, at the Berklee Performance Center. It was due to illness, but a future engagement is promised.

Beantown's most leather bar, The Eagle, has opened a disco room. In the past when established cruise bars in this city have tried to convert to dance bars it never worked. In fact, when The Eagle announced not long ago that it would open the disco room and call it 'The Alter Eagle L.L.D.' (Leather-Denim-Disco) everyone scoffed that it wouldn't work. Well, it did. It's separated from the regular cruise area by a sound-proofed Plexiglas partition and entered via a swinging door. The dance floor is spacious and has a bar on either end for convenience. The lighting is evocative and the sound system much better than expected. Customers are permitted to remove their shirts on the dance floor and any weekend night one can view some of the humpiest and hunkiest leather and denim clad (or unclad) men in Boston.

Some of those faithful to the cruise image of The Eagle have deserted it and business at Herbie's Ramrod Room has picked up. For several months Herbie's looked like Desolation City on a Saturday night. This, it seems, has been corrected.

But, The Eagle isn't the only bar to go through recent changes. On Boylston Street, what was formerly The Community Club has changed owners and reopened as The Bar. The design is a la Provincetown, with rigging, gangplanks, lounge chairs, handsome bartenders, a dance floor, etc. The atmosphere is friendly and the price of draughts is only \$35 all day and all night. Gary Dotterman, The Bar's manager, is going all out to make his establishment a hassle-free, comfortable place for Boston gays, and it looks like it's working.

Suki, one of the owners of the ever-popular Chaps, has opened a small restaurant/cafe next door to her bar. She's called it Sue's City

Diner. The decor of the place is pure kitsch with cotton-candy pink walls. The prices on the always-changing menu are more than reasonable. My favorite item, and a lot of other people's, it seems, is the heart-shaped waffles with ice cream and strawberries. Fat City, but what a way to go!

— Joseph Cain

MIAMI

The season is on in South Florida. Tourists by the millions are flocking to the Gold Coast to escape the snow and cold of the north. There is action wherever you go in South Florida.

The most exciting news to hit Florida is that *Annie*, this year's musical comedy phenomenon (winner of seven Tony Awards) has been nabbed by producer Zev Buffman for its first production anywhere in the United States other than on Broadway. It opened on Thursday, April 20, at the Miami Beach Theater of the Performing Arts. *Annie* is the theatrical coup of the nation and is being directed by its New York director, Martin Charnin and supervised by Mike Nichols, one of the show's producers.

The Parker Playhouse in Fort Lauderdale, also under the Buffman production banner presented Sondheim's *Side By Side* Mar. 6 - Apr 1, and Roddy McDowall in *Getting Away With Murder*, an American premier, Apr. 3-29.

John Casellie and Bill Bastinsen opened the Copa Cabaret (located just a few miles north of Miami on U.S. 1 and S.E. 28th St., Fort Lauderdale) on Oct. 8, 1976 and it became a hit. The partners never realized that the Copa would catch on as it has. The place is packed every night with good-looking guys dancing to the sound system of two dozen speakers and eight amps. Bobby Eckenweiler, well known throughout the disco scene in South Florida, is the DJ.

The Copa is large, covering an area of 5½ acres. It has four bars, each one having a different theme, a restaurant with fine food, and a boutique.

You can visit the Copa with a group or go by yourself, but you are certainly sure of having a fulfilling evening. The Copa is a "must" for any tourist or resident of South Florida.

The guys who want a change of action are going to the Club Key

West, just three hours south of Miami on the Overseas Highway. The Club Key West has motel accommodations and bath facilities and is located in the heart of tropical, historic Old Key West; between beaches and the bars. The sailors have left Key West as the U.S. Navy bases have closed down, but the action continues night and day. Rates at the Club Key West run from \$14.00 single or double to \$18.00, single or double, depending on location. Rates, however, are subject to change due to holidays and seasonal influx of tourists to Key West. Included in the price of the motel is the use of the baths.

The Players State Theater has opened in the Coconut Grove Playhouse, located in the most interesting section of Miami, where the most liberal people live and play together. The Coconut Grove Playhouse uses professional actors and actresses in its productions. Feb. 24 - Mar. 19, featured the Shakespearean classic *Othello*. David Rube's *Streamers* had a Mar. 24 - Apr. 16 run.

Located in the Coconut Grove shopping area is the Grove Cinema (3199 Grand Ave.), which changes its films every night. However, the fabulous Flying Fendelman Brothers, James and Richard, have been playing "The Rocky Horror Picture Show" on Friday and Saturday nights for the past nine months to a more than ordinary type audience. The patrons show up in all kinds of dress, some with makeup to represent the characters in the film. During the wedding scene in the picture, the audience throws rice when the bride and groom come out of the church. The theater holds 221 people and has become a "must" for the visitor as well as the in place or the resident. Tickets are only \$2.00 for the midnight show. A good chance to meet some real good-looking people.

Brian C. Smith continues to draw people to his Oakland West Dinner Theater in Lauderdale Lakes, a town just west of Fort Lauderdale. Brian has brought some exciting theater to South Florida over the years, including *Let My People Come* and his recent big hit, *Eat Your Heart Out*, a new comedy by Nick Hall. Neil Simon's *Prisoner of 2nd Avenue* was on the boards through Feb. 19 - June 11th will be *One Flew Over The Cuckoo's Nest*. Dinner and the show cost \$12.50. The dinner menu is select, featuring a choice of beef, chicken or fish and includes soup, salad and desert. It's a bargain and an opportunity, too, see some excellent the-

ater in North Fort Lauderdale.

The Mine Shaft (112 S. Miami Ave., Miami) is the new in spot for motorcycle clubs and rough trade. It's very popular, and features various gimmicks like bare chest draft day when you can have all you can drink for \$2.00 from 4-6 on biker's night on Mondays. There's plenty of action and plenty of cruising.

A new French restaurant, *Le Rendezvous* (918 S. Federal Highway) has opened in Hallandale, just a few miles north of Miami. The restaurant offers outstanding French food, served by young French waiters from Paris — they're good-looking and certainly add to the atmosphere. Prices are reasonable. The house specialty is Florida lobster, flamed in cognac and ricard in a mushrooms, shallots, shrimps, tomato, tarragon and cream sauce, glazed in the oven, only \$12.00. French onion soup is only \$1.95. For desert try Fraises Au Sabayon or strawberries with Sabayon sauce for \$2.50.

The baths, the clubs and the beach scene is swinging, as always. Plenty of action in South Florida. Something for everyone!

— John Saunders

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PEOPLE

(continued from page 66)

venient "Y" for exercise classes

In the summer of '63 he vacationed in America: "OK to fiddle about locally but America was still boss. For decades (!) I'd dreamed of landing there and kissing the soil. Americans had better bodies, sculptured skulls. They were sex! You see, up to that time I hadn't really 'done' anything at all. The sensual side of my life was completely *mind* — I'd find release through books and things like that. In a way, it was a typically British, repressed life. Now, I think perhaps 'biting the apple' was a mistake — but it had to be bit, y'know?"

Fall of that year it was back to school in Dublin, but the taste of that American "apple" lingered, and with it the certainty that rock 'n' roll records were his best shot at a return. He cut a couple of sides in a Dublin studio, one of which was the sexually ambiguous "You Turn Me On" that intrigued the ears

of Zoom Records' West Coast Promotion man George Rainbow. Flown to Hollywood, Ian was met at LAX by the effervescent promoter and told, "You're a star, one of the great brotherhood of stars . . . You need a plethora of *velour*, personal deodorant and special actions."

Soon, he was a regular guest on *Shindig*, *American Bandstand*, and *Hollywood a Go-Go*, and touring in a Dick Clark "Caravan" with such acts as The Beach Boys, Rolling Stones, Kinks, Hollies, Righteous Brothers, and Sam the Sham. "You Turn Me On," sexual panting and all, climbed to No. 5 on the charts. But this was 1965, folk rock was a-borning, and Ian Whitcomb never had another hit.

His request of Zoom Records' vice-president J G ("Gene") Klopwater to record a limp-wristed ditty called "I Want to Ask You a Personal Question, Aubrey Dear" was vetoed by a telegram which read, in part, "KISS OF DEATH TO SONGS OF A HOMOSEXUAL NATURE AT THIS POINT IN TIME"

"From the Spring of '66 to the Fall of '68," according to rock student Jan Silverstein, "we see him (Ian) moving slowly in the orbit of Hollywood . . . finding shows and records became fewer and farther between . . . he spent more and more time mooning in his apartment, mostly sprawled on the grim bed."

His consuming interest in history, "because the past is no threat . . . you can laugh at it," brought him out of his lethargy. He became an authority on popular music, recording ten albums ranging through ragtime and crooning, and produced Moe West's "Great Balls of Fire" album for MGM in 1968, "but it never came out until 1972 . . . It was very popular among the gays but it never sold to the general public." His quasi-historical books include the aforementioned *After the Ball* and *Tin Pan Alley, A Pictorial History (1919-1939)*.

Lately, he has been in demand as a consultant and performer on pop history film, including one on his current life as a British exile

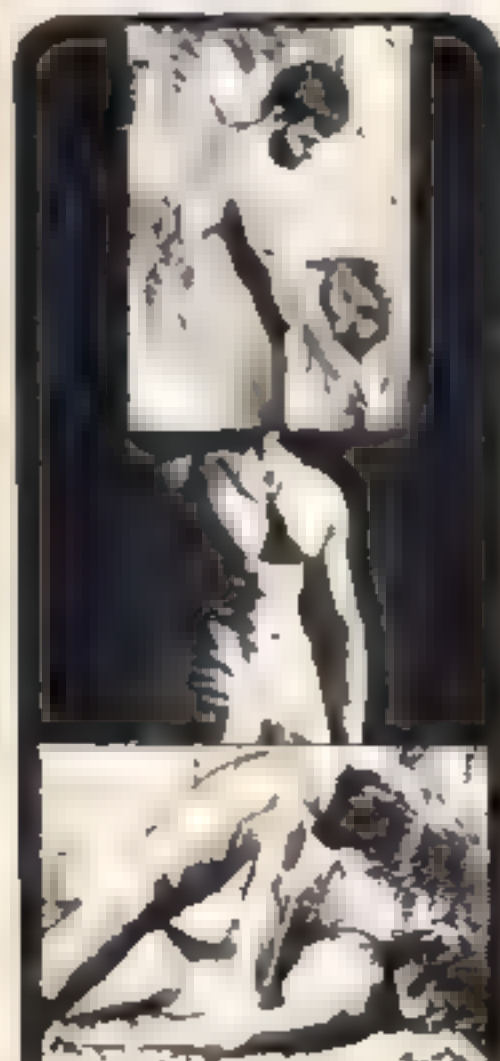
in Hollywood, for the BBC, "LA — My Home Town." One sequence in this subjective documentary features physique photographer Roy Dean shooting nude model Don Bowman — "but now he's Gordon Grant and we're great friends. In fact he sadly, forlornly came up to me and said, 'Look, I would love to be in more of these films for the BBC — I'm really tired of doing this other stuff!'"

"The point of 'LA — My Home Town,'" Ian continues, "is to show I haven't decided whether I'm integrated, whether I'm going to be an Englishman who is an Americanized Englishman, or an Englishman who's still harking back, yearning for the old country. I spend about half my time here, and half in England." He was, in fact, off to England within two weeks of this interview for *IN TOUCH* (which he was most eager to do), to put the finishing touches on his first novel, *Syncopation*.

"The novel is about the era of syncopation — 1918-1927," he explains. "The

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main characters are two English officers who settle together in Hollywood after being cashiered from their regiment after World War I. There are two sex scenes that I blushed as I wrote — it does show an extraordinary puritanical strain in me. I guess. But I love writing and I'm trying to see Hollywood in terms of a village. I'm fascinated by it, looking down from the hill on it."

Ian Whitcomb is, in many ways, like the camera of his "great friend" Christopher Isherwood. The novel starts off, he has said, "in the present with me casting around for something to do, as a faded rock 'n' roll star — which is an act that I play. It's a pose, the same sort of pose as Isherwood does."

Pose or not, you cannot help reflecting — after Ian, heavy cowboy boots and all, has left the interview — that, thanks to men like him and Isherwood, there is some corner of a Hollywood field that is forever England. And you feel strongly that Hollywood is the better for it.

— Jeremy Hughes

JONATHAN PAGE

Over the last year or so, actor Jonathan Page has begun to make his mark in one of Hollywood's most maligned and misunderstood occupations: that of a "Personal Manager." As explained by the dapper Mr. Page, in the course of a low-keyed interview with rigidly-defined parameters, his new field of endeavor "is exactly what it says: it's very personal. You have to know your clients inside and out, and what's best for them, and how to deal with it diplomatically. I deal with a person's whole career. It's like putting a Madison Avenue 'package' together.

"I see what they can't see... I find it a great challenge, and I love challenges. I love people, I adore people, and if I can make a buck by helping someone, that's perfect. A lot of people don't realize their own potential. That happens a lot. But I see it. I

see what they can't see. You really need someone to say, 'now, look, this isn't working right for your career at this point.' So I advise them, on their appearance, about interviews, whether to



take a part or not, whether someone isn't kosher. But it also depends on the individual. I treat each individual according to their needs."

The explanation has been articulated, in dribs and drabs, over the course of nearly two hours of soft-spoken rambling. Jonathan Page (his legal, but not "real," name) is a very guarded guy, choosing his

words and exposing his thoughts with miserly care. Spontaneity is alien to him; for whom "image" is a consuming preoccupation. Having cast himself in the how-to-succeed-in-business-by-really-trying role, he has accordingly dressed for the part: gleaming shirrup buckles on black leather loafers, white bell bottoms, midnight blue blazer with wide lapels and gold buttons, striped shirt and dark printed tie.

His presence is a far cry from the Mansfield (Ohio) 18-year-old who migrated to Haight-Ashbury, hard upon graduating high school in 1967, with long hair "almost to my waist" and a bushy moustache, "in search of what everyone was in search of, whatever it was, in that era: youth in search of themselves. It was an interesting period. I learned a lot about people. I find people fascinating. I find how they think fascinating. How they work. Their hopes. Their backgrounds." (In the course of the interview, Jonathan Page finds occasion to proclaim his great interest in

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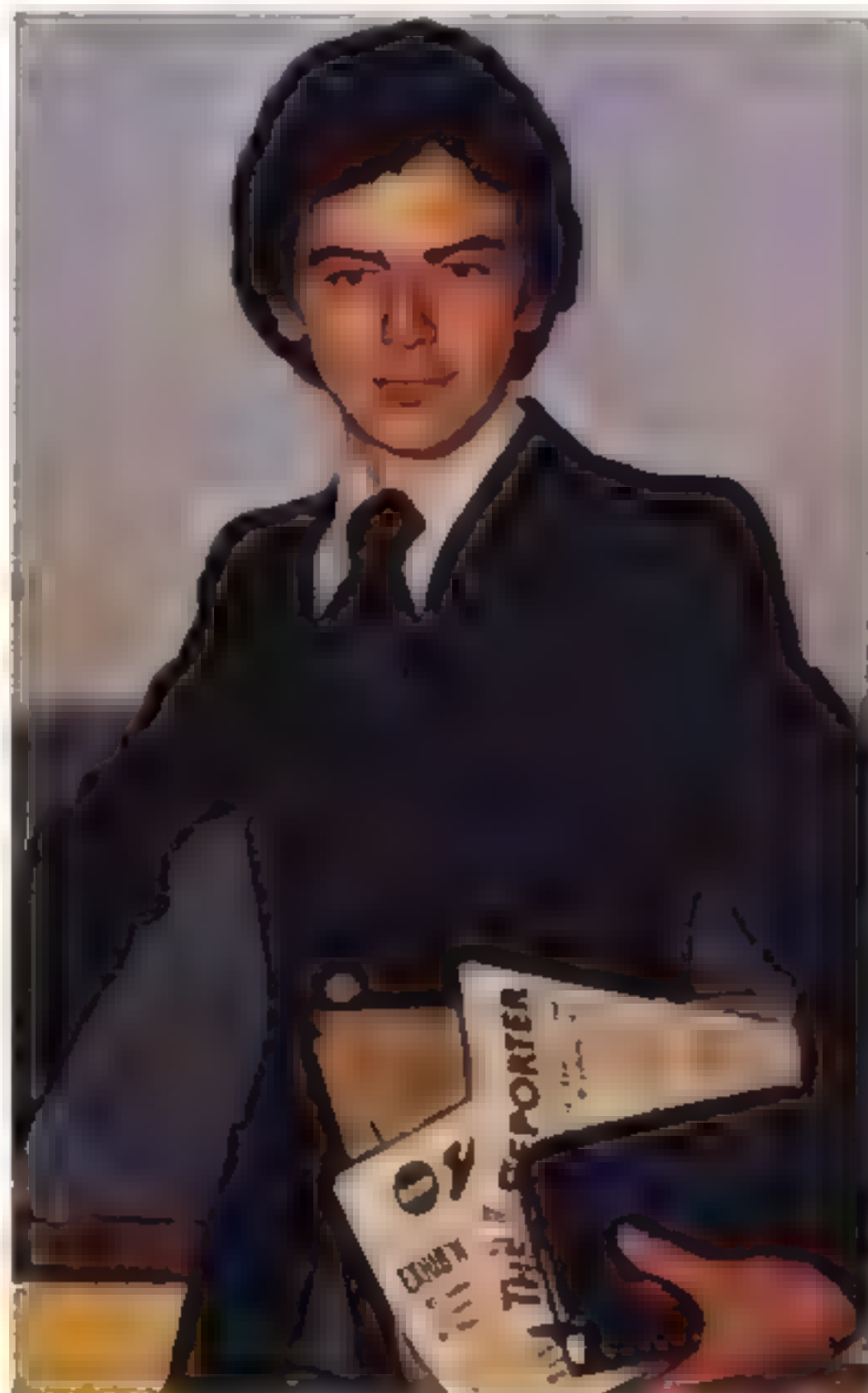
Surfeted with the hippy scene, he decided to pursue a long-time fascination with show business by going to the Mansfield branch of Ohio State University for a couple of years, "taking the courses I wanted to: Theater, Art, English, History, Political Science, Psychology." There he worked under and became a close friend of English teacher Gerry Rice, who told him "you don't belong in college." Jonathan replied "I know I don't," and followed his flickering star to New York, where he studied with Bill Hickey.

He also explored the customary Off-Broadway alley, stage managing George Birisima's gay shacker, *Georgie Porgie*, at the Village Arena, and serving as production assistant on *Sissy* at the Playhouse of the Ridiculous, and, in general, "schlepping around, reading the trades, going to interviews." Then, in January of 1976, it was back to California, this time to Hollywood. "I love New York," he intones, lighting his sixth Marlboro. "It's bananas. And Hollywood's bananas, Christ! But it's a different kind of bananas. In New York I love the night life, the excitement. Here, I like the weather, the casualness. But I still maintain a New York pace. I'm not a monona type."

Jonathan Page would seem to the Hollywood manner born. He's a Gemini (June 13) with Libra rising and the Moon in Capricorn. For the unlettered, he patiently explicates, right foot jiggling on left knee, "Gemini's are very creative, diversified. Libra's also tend to be very artistic. And Capricorn is a little bit more down to earth. But it's the Gemini — God knows I'm diversified! An actor. A Personal Manager. Writer, working on a musical, book and lyrics, which started as a one-act drama — a very bizarre satire on Hollywood, called *Freaks*. I'm also a poet, unpublished. And photography. And I paint, like to work in oils. Or do a

quick sketch in charcoal

"Plus, I seem to be getting into high fashion modeling. I've got an agent who's hot on pushing me on that. But basically, right now, my time is being taken up with personal management — like, 18 hours a day, lately,



making phone calls, having meetings, talking to people, this and that. I work my ass off. I really get out there and hustle. I don't handle many people, so that I can conserve my energies for just a few. In personal management, I go strictly by my intuition. My intuition is always right. If I go against it, I'm always wrong. I love people. . . ."

He is equally quick to emphasize that he is a good salesman (which is the essence of personal management), having "a natural knack for it." Still, he immediately cautions, "I'm not a bullshitter. I'm a politician, a diplomat. I'm very diplomatic. But, for real

And I think people sense that. Take a performer, an actor if they're honest about their career, if they're determined, if they're talented, if they don't play games, if they stick to it with the right training and guidance — they're going to hit it

"Too many performers don't realize that there are two words in 'show business' — 'show' and 'business.' They're all wrapped up in the first part, and forget that it's also dollars and cents. Thank God I realized that as a performer! I have this knack to deal with it as a business. According to the Tarot cards, I'm supposed to be a very good businessman. And the Tarot cards have always been right, for me. 'Money' always comes up, and 'success' always comes up. At every reading."

Jonathan Page discovers his clients (or vice versa) by going to showcases and keeping an ear open for

recommendations. His most well-known client at the moment is Lillian Roth, "a fabulous woman, a real trouper," for whom he is the West Coast representative. He merely notes ambiguously that "we sort of fell into each other" before launching into his pitch about the *I'll Cry Tomorrow* got so brilliantly portrayed in 1955 by Susan Hayward. "Unfortunately," he prefaces, "people on the west coast don't know if someone's doing something on the east coast. Like, Lillian's been doing night clubs, has rave reviews on Broadway. Well, she'd write *I'll Cry Tomorrow* — it's just been re-released in trade paperback, by the way. Okay. That was one bad period in her life, which is long gone.

"Now she's doing a cabaret act, still has the voice, looks good. There are lots of things coming up for her, but I don't believe in anything until it happens, in this business. Myself, I don't believe in any acting job until I've cashed the check and have the money in my hand. But Lillian is alive and well and working. She recently did a special guest appearance in *Alice, Sweet Alice*, a film released by Allied Artists. And she's set for another film, as yet untitled — a principal part, straight acting. She's a great lady."

Aside from the flat declaration "I'm very single," Jonathan Page prefers not to discuss his personal life for *IN TOUCH*. In point of fact, he maintains that, lately he has "next to none," elaborating "I have to work 18 hours a day to get things accomplished. I do like to get out and socialize, when I have time. I like small groups, but also big parties. Casual things. But I'm a very private person, and I have to have time alone, to watch *The Late Show* or read a book — or with someone special."

"Eventually," he concludes, "I'd like to live in a secluded farmhouse in the south of France." Then, in an arch afterthought, "near St. Tropez."

— Jeremy Hughes

Los Angeles Times

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WORLD REPORTS

(continued from page 63)

Paris

The Germans are coming! But
 not to reoccupy Paris — al-
 though it is a kind of invasion.
 Every spring around this time, the
 German tourist heads south and in-
 variably pushes toward Paris. And
 who can blame him? Even the Ger-
 mans can appreciate beauty.

Understandably, the French have
 no great love for the Germans. Al-
 though it's been 33 years since the
 end of the war, the French have
 long memories; and those who
 haven't are easily reminded by the
 anti-Nazi films shown on TV and at
 the cinema. Maybe it's a good thing
 that the war should be remembered
 (not that it's going to stop a third);
 but is it really fair to the German
 youth? After all, every German 33
 years old or younger was born after
 the war; and they had no more to
 do with the killings and the con-
 centration camps than Jane Fonda
 had to do with that senseless war in
 Vietnam.

Not so long ago, in a dark, rally
 little bar in a back street of Paris,
 I saw an incredibly good-looking
 German who couldn't have been
 more than 21. He was obviously
 drunk and he was having a con-
 versation with two tough-looking
 leather types who ironically enough
 were taking out their malice on him.
 Standing it no longer, the youth ad-
 dressed the bar at large and de-
 livered a harangue (in English)
 that made me visibly shake; and it
 went something like this: "Yes, I
 am German. And I am proud of it.
 I was born seven years after the
 war ended. I had nothing to do with
 the war. I was not responsible. Why
 is it everywhere I go people want
 to make me out as a Nazi? I am
 not a Nazi. Can't you people under-
 stand that? Can't you get it through
 your fuckin' heads?" On and on he
 went; often repeating himself; and
 when he had finished, tears were
 rolling down his face. I went home
 with that boy that night. All he
 talked about was the persecution of
 the German tourist by foreigners,
 especially the French. He talked
 and talked and talked until the sun
 came up and shone on the rooftops
 of the Quartier Latin. Then he final-
 ly fell asleep.

Americans do not fare very well
 with the French, either. Despite the
 fact we helped liberate them. They
 can remember the German occupa-
 tion without too much difficulty, but

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they don't like to think that they were liberated. If they think about it at all, they like to think the French Resistance did all the work.

The one question I'm most asked is what do the French really think of the Americans. Well, the French get their impression first of all from the American tourists, which is a bloody shame. I have to agree that the average American tourist is as conspicuous as the Eiffel Tower. You simply can't help but notice him. He is generally overweight, his clothes are in bad taste and include every color in the rainbow; and he has a big, loud mouth not to mention a disagreeable accent (or so I'm told). When he orders, whether it be in a restaurant or at a newsstand, he shouts as if he were at a

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goddamn football game. He thinks, of course, that if he raises his voice to a low roar, the French will understand him.

I've got news for him: the French will not understand him, particularly when he makes no effort to communicate in French. One of the greatest satisfactions I get living in Paris is that I am never mistaken for an American — until I open my mouth, that is; and then the jig is up. "Oh, you're American. I would never have guessed."

The French also get their impression from TV and the cinema. They think that all Americans are rich and fat, that they all pack a gun (which is not too far from the truth) and that they eat hotdogs and hamburgers every day. So you can see that their views are a little distorted. But then again, how many Americans think the French are dirty, make love in the streets and eat frog legs every day?

The French can tell you who the President of the United States is, but their American geography is a little shaky (aside from the fact that they realize America is big). They can pinpoint with some accuracy the states of New York, Florida, California and Alaska, but Kansas they've never heard of. Well, no-

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body's perfect. Can anybody tell me where Nancy is?

Yes, I suppose the French are chauvenists. They don't really seem to like anybody. Sometimes I wonder if they like themselves. I adore them, but then I've had a lot of time to get used to them. A tourist, on the other hand, doesn't have the time to get used to them nor, probably, the inclination to. One trick to getting on with the French is an easy one. Just learn the words for please, thank you, and excuse me (*s'il vous plait, merci beaucoup* and *excusez moi*); and if you come to Paris this year, don't be afraid to use them. These words are important in any language; and I've often wondered why they're not employed more often.

— Peter Adams

Auckland

By far the liveliest candidate in Wellington's mayoral campaign last year was Carmen, a transvestite nightclub owner who has become something of a national institution over the years. Carmen's main platform was to brighten up the city's nightlife, and specifically to make Wellington "the real Queen

City."

Quite a few people agreed with her, as she polled fourth-highest out of seven candidates. And a group of local gays have decided to take some action on their own account to make the city a little more interesting. Sunday nights in the capital, for gays as for everyone else, have always been rather dull. New Zealand's archaic liquor laws prevent bars from opening their doors on Sundays, and other more-or-less puritanical statutes place limitations on most other kinds of entertainment that might disturb the peace of the "day of rest."

So, in effort to make the second half of the weekend as lively as the first, Wellington Gay Liberation has combined with the owners of a city nightclub to establish fortnightly gay discos. At Ziggy's Nightclub (Vivian St.) every second Sunday from Oct., gays and friends have been able to dance the night away from 7:30 p.m. onwards. Admission is \$1.50, and soft drinks are on sale; if you feel that you need stronger refreshments, you're welcome to bring your own.

Meanwhile, on Friday nights it appears that more Wellington gays are going to Flannagan's Oyster Bar (Flannagan's Hotel, Kent Ter-

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race). It's a pleasant bar, decorated — as its name suggests — with fisherman's baskets, barrels and other nautical motifs; and there's a singer to entertain you until 11 p.m. The bar also has the advantage of being a handy three blocks from Wellington's most popular gay bar, the Royal Oak.

New Zealand's national gay magazine, *NZ Gay News*, has been taken over by Lawrence Publications and renamed *Out*. (The owners of this company also run two of the country's most popular gay sauna baths.) *Gay News* grew out of the newsletter of the Auckland Gay Liberation group, and has been run by a collective of movement people. It has always maintained an activist stance although this year it has moved towards being more of a general-interest magazine for gays. It is expected that the purchase of *Out* by Lawrence Publications will accentuate this trend, and that the new format will include more in the way of pin-ups and social news. The activist side of things will not be neglected, however, as the National Gay Rights Coalition is to publish its own regular newsletter to cover the fight for gay rights in New Zealand.

— Lindsay Taylor

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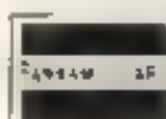
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HOUSTON

(continued from page 35)

who is, and can be loads of fun. If you are just into town and looking for a small dance bar to get your feet wet before you hit the biggies, this may be just the place for you.

For those who are looking for a club which does not happen to be a disco, there are a number available. The Inside-Outside (1318 Westheimer), not far from the Midnite Sun, is excellent. It features both a cruise bar, a patio, a piano bar, and a western bar the Countryside, across the patio. The people there are friendly and a good cross-section of Houston. A short stroll from there is Mary's (1022 Westheimer), the best known cruise bar in town. It is famous for raunch and during the summer the patio rocks on Sunday afternoons.

Another short walk away is The Silver Bullet Saloon (1005 California), recently burned to the ground by an unknown arsonist. The Bullet had been one of the hot spots of the gay community. The Bullet is still open on the patio, and rebuilding should have begun by the time this magazine is on the streets, so be sure and go by as something may be happening there. Another popular club a bit further down is The Locker (1732 Westheimer), a cruise bar with a bit of raunch in its decor.

Also located here is Q-I Leathers, where you can get anything you want in leather goods, from pants made to order to a custom-fitted cock-ring. The Locker is only open in the evenings, so go after 3 p.m. and be sure to visit the patio with its stage and fort for whatever your fantasy may be.

If bars are not your bag, Houston also has two baths and a locker club for your pleasure. The largest and most innovative bath in town is the Midtowne Spa (100 Fannin), with an indoor pool, weight room with instructors, four orgy rooms, movies, 65 individual rooms and a host of other surprises. The smaller Club Houston (2205 Fannin) is a delightful mix of contemporary fun on three levels and offers an abundance of pleasures in the shadow of downtown. Both baths are open around the clock. The 2306 (2306 Genesee), located in the heart of the Montrose, is a brand new locker club. Open only after 8 p.m., it offers pleasures aimed at real men who can enjoy their fantasies in cells and glory hole booths, not to mention a bathtub for whatever you care to do in it.

After your evening in the baths or bars there are several restaurants you can visit that are as cruisy as any of the places already mentioned. The Somewhere Restaurant (1525 Westheimer) near the Inside-

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Outside is a fun place that serves food as good as you will find in a number of country cafes in central Texas. The Chapultapec (813 Richmond) offers late night Mexican food, if that's your preference. Also fun is the House of Pies (3112 Kirby). You can get a good gay meal at any of these places and you will feel appreciated when you leave.

For good gay reading material, try Studz News (1132 W. Alabama).

Also available for the discriminating gay tourist are a number of visual treats ranging from two gay cinemas, The MiniPark (2907 Main) and The French Quarter — both showing the latest in gay skin

flicks starring the most sought-after stars on the gay porno circuit. The Equinox Theater (3617 Washington) just outside the Montrose, is the leading alternative theater group in the city. Its fare includes a number of contemporary theater's most outstanding dramas as well as the very best in gay theater produced in the South today.

So there it is: Houston, southern city of gays, guys, and great times. So grab your toothbrush and blow-dryer and head on down; the party is just about to begin. But one thing: say goodbye to all your friends when you leave home; you may never want to go back. ■■

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